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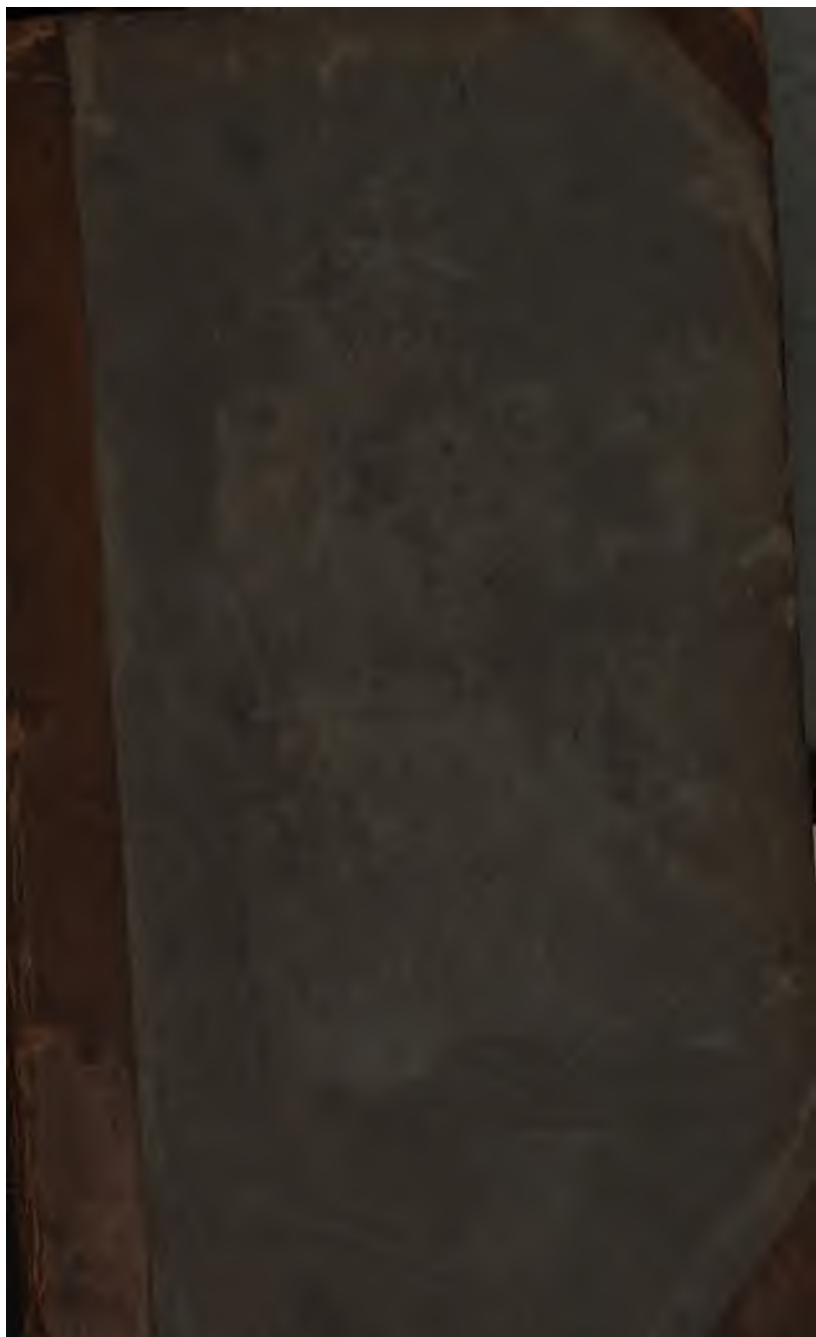
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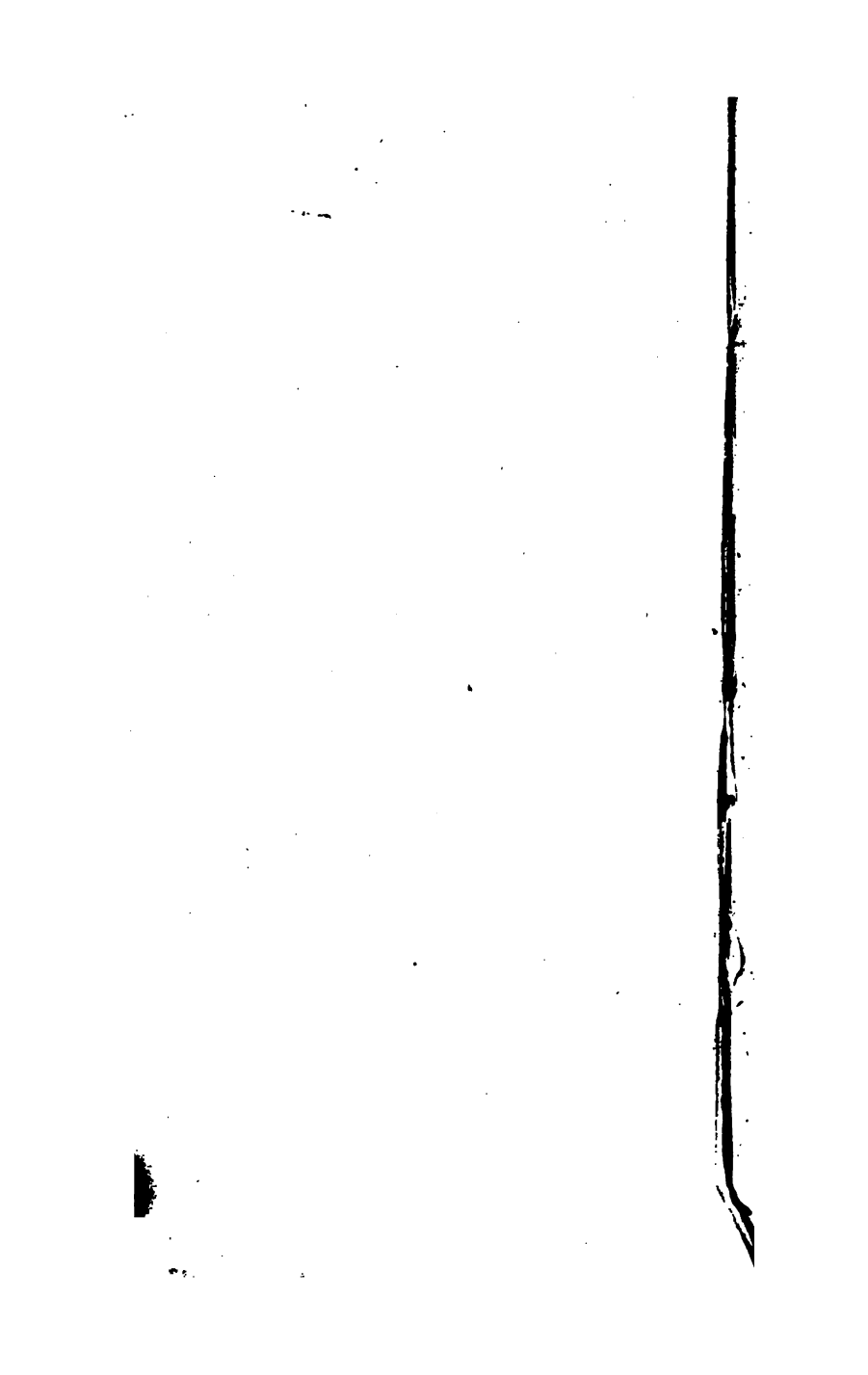


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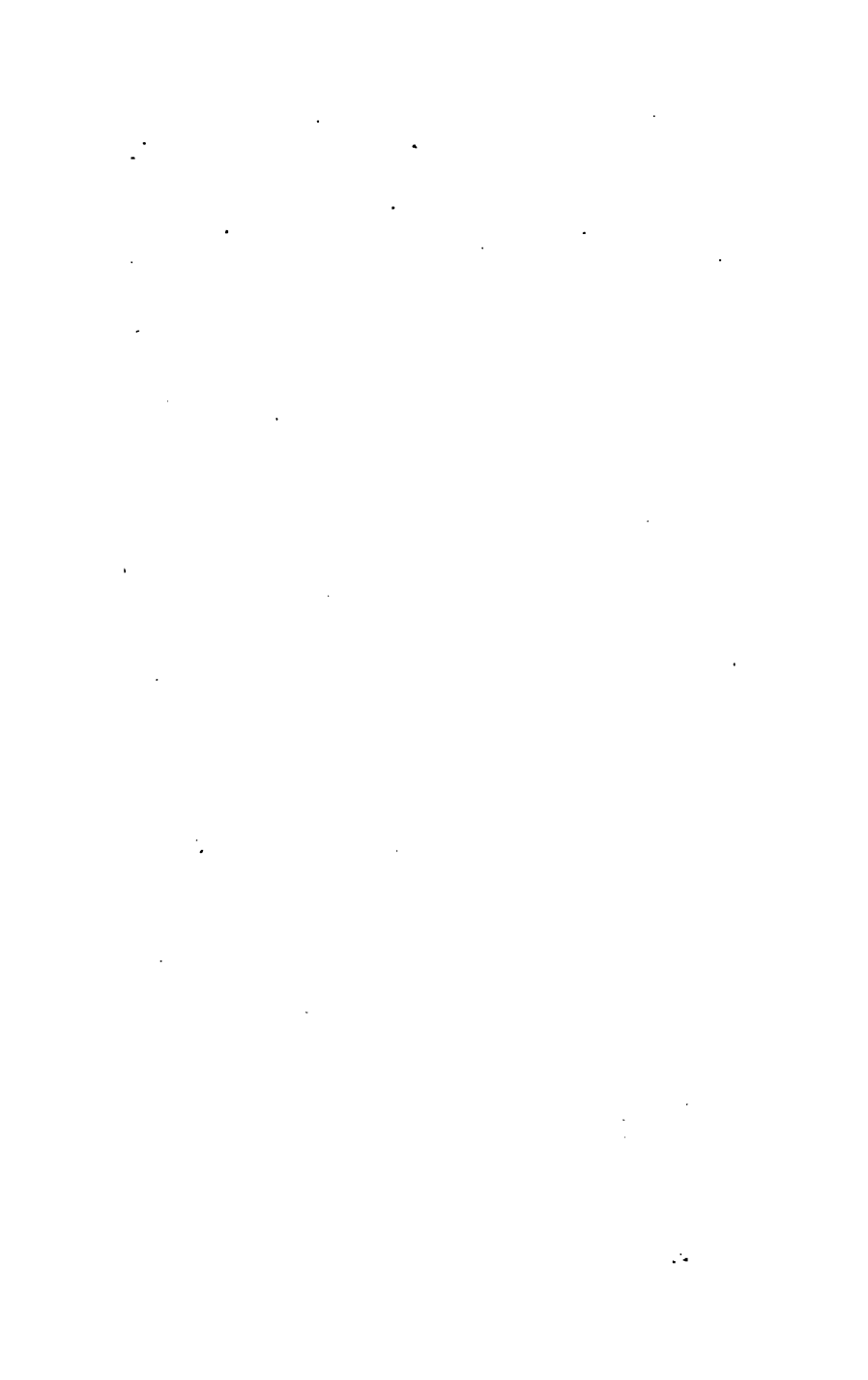


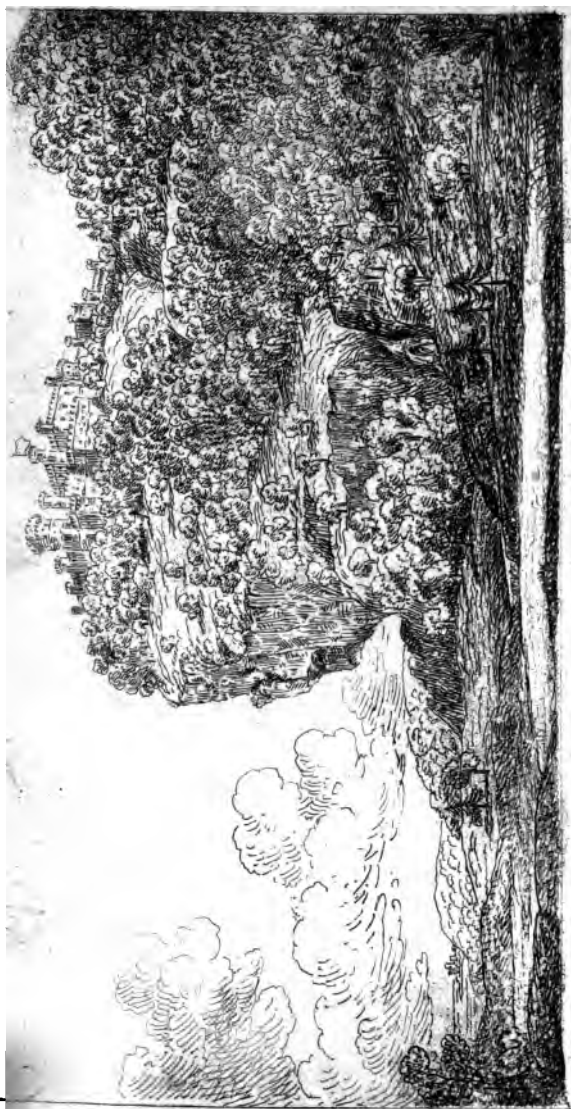












14. D. A.

THE
CASTLES
OF

Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle.

"A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD,
"THE DEEDS OF DAYS OF OTHER YEARS."

By St. Ann.

EMBELLISHED WITH
ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

In Four Volumes.

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The Castles of Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle.

Chap. I.

“ Her soul was touched for the unhappy, though she loved him not. How fair amongst a thousand maids was the daughter of generous Branne !”

Ossian.

SIR PHILIP, when he quitted Fitz Alwy, slowly and mournfully departed to his own apartment, where shutting himself up he gave way to many solitary and melancholy reflections : his heart was entirely divested of any suspicion of Fitz Alwy, and he dwelt alone upon the recollection of his vision.

Here he remained until Sir Morcar knocked for admission, and entered in anxious expectation of hearing what had occurred. After some hesitation, the good warden disclosed to him the conference ; he dwelt not however upon the circum-

stance of the spectre, for he was well aware that the gallant Mowbray was possessed of an incredulous mind ; and after expressing *his* reliance that Fitz Alwy had either seen, or believed he had seen, the spirit of his father, he waved conversing further on the subject.

Sir Morcar saw with concern that the intellects of the virtuous Fitz Aubrey were deluded by superstition, and he sighed to perceive how sensibly his affectionate heart was moved by the apparent sorrow of the young Baron ; but he determined in his own mind *not* to relax from the severe scrutiny he before intended to make, and to fix on the courageous Edwin as the confident, and companion of his actions.

Ethelburga was conversing with Adela de Warrenne and the gay Augustine, when her arch little page young Oswy entered ; he approached, and whispered in her ear ; a blush passed over her lovely countenance as she pronounced, ' Weeping Oswy ?

‘Oswy? you surely are mistaken—what
 ‘should cause the chieftain of Mont Eagle
 ‘tears?’

‘In truth, lady, I could not be mistaken,’
 (said the lisping boy as he approached
 Ethelburga, and gently but playfully car-
 ried her hand to his infant lips), ‘Lord
 ‘Fitz Alwy always smiles, if he does not
 ‘weep—besides, I saw his tears—and he
 ‘asked me with such a sigh!’—(sighing
 deeply from his little heart) ‘where my
 ‘mistress was, and he looks so pale!—I
 ‘took his hand and led him to the saloon;
 ‘but when he found you were not there,
 ‘why then he thought retirement would
 ‘be the best—well, my Lord, thought I,
 ‘you do not know your own mind one
 ‘minute.—But, however, as he sought
 ‘you, Madam, I thought the blue chamber
 ‘would be retired enough—I led him
 ‘there, and left him.’

‘Upon my word, Oswy, you seem to
 ‘have been very officious,’—said the Ba-

roness smiling: but her heart was moved by Fitz Alwy's sorrow, and when the ladies passed to the saloon, she hesitated at the door of the blue chamber. Timidity kept her back, friendship urged her to endeavour to comfort the youthful Baron; but while she hesitated, little Oswy threw open the door, and doffing his hat and plume stood back for her to enter. Fitz Alwy was sitting in a melancholy attitude; he started up as she entered, crimson suffused his cheek as he led her to a seat.

‘O Ethelburga, angel of peace! you are indeed necessary to calm my troubled bosom.’—

‘Fitz Alwy, you are pale and sad;’ (she replied with tender concern) ‘has aught occurred thus to distress you? Tell me, my Lord, that I may endeavour, if it lies in my power, to assuage your grief.’

‘Ah Ethelburga! can you be unconscious that your power over my heart is all
supreme?’

‘supreme? that with you lies my destiny,
‘my happiness or misery?’—

‘What has distressed you, Fitz Alwy?’
(she again demanded). He heaved a
deep sigh, and after some moments of re-
flection solemnly replied,—

‘Last night, when I retired to my pillow
‘to dream, to think on thee—I was
‘aroused by a slight indescribable noise in
‘my apartment; I arose and gazed around;
‘the lamp which is suspended from my
‘ceiling burnt brilliantly, and I laid down
‘to repose.—Again I was aroused; I cast
‘my eyes around my spacious chamber; the
‘lamp, altho’ its light was widely diffused,
‘did not illuminate the distant recesses;
‘but as I held back the curtains with one
‘hand, I thought I saw a figure standing
‘in the gloom; I was on the point of quit-
‘ting my bed when an awful voice pro-
‘nounced in faint, low, mournful tones, my
‘name. I scarcely breathed,—when the
‘figure

‘ figure advanced into the middle of the
 ‘ room ; it was a shadowy form, scarcely
 ‘ perceptible ; but the light shewed the
 ‘ figure of a Knight unarmed—while I
 ‘ gazed, it again spoke.

‘ “ Fulfil the wishes of your parent
 ‘ “ Ethelmorne, (it said), do not delay.”
 ‘ As it ceased to speak, the features became
 ‘ visible, the eagle on the breast glittered in
 ‘ the rays of the lamp, and the whole be-
 ‘ came confessedly—my Father!——“ Oh
 ‘ my Father!” I faintly pronounced as it
 ‘ receded into the gloom and was seen no
 ‘ more. I sunk into a stupor, Ethel-
 ‘ burga, from that into a death-like slum-
 ‘ ber, from which I only awoke this morn-
 ‘ ing.’

She had listened in speechless awe to
 the young Baron’s relation, and when he
 had ceased had scarcely power to offer con-
 solation ; he watched the emotions of her
 mind, how visible in her countenance !
 and seeing her still silent, continued—

‘ Alas !

‘ Alas! I cannot picture to you the anguish caused by this poor ghost; it freezes my soul with sorrow, it checks the rising happiness of my mind.’—

He laid his face upon his hands, and sat in melancholy attitude.—Ethelburga, roused from her state of astonishment by his grief, found tenderness restore to her the power of speech.

‘ Console yourself, Fitz Alwy’ (she said); ‘ the vision was indeed awful, but it came not in anger;—oh no, poor youth, let not such a sad idea enter your mind.—it came to bless you, Fitz Alwy; you never opposed his will.’—

‘ True, my love,’ (replied the chieftain), ‘ I never opposed his will; and heaven knows it is not my wish to do so. But ah, Ethelburga! why delay the ratification of those nuptials which were commanded to us by both our parents? why hesitate to make your Fitz Alwy the happiest of his sex?—why not let the festivi-

‘ ties

‘ties preparing at Mont Eagle be the
‘epocha of our marriage?’—

He fixed his dark eyes earnestly on her face, but was hurt and disappointed to remark evident disinclination bud upon her lips.

‘O Fitz Alwy!’ (she said with her lovely eyes cast down dejectedly), ‘I have
‘scarcely quitted the light career of infancy, and am I called upon so early to become a wife? O spare me yet a little
‘while; it is an awful task! a duty the
‘youthful heart trembles to encounter.’]

‘Trembles Ethelburga!’ (returned Fitz Alwy in a reproachful tone), ‘and is
‘all my tenderness, my fond affection, my
‘constant anxiety to please you, thus repaid?’

‘Ethelmorne, accuse me not of ingratitude, (replied the virtuous Baroness) my
‘heart is not insensible to your kind
‘endeavours—no, Fitz Alwy: delay our
‘nuptials yet a little while; father Bertrand
‘and

‘ and Sir Philip, those kind protectors of
 ‘ my youth, have already yielded to my
 ‘ request, and will Fitz Alwy refuse me ?’
 (he silently pressed her hand, and deeply
 sighed); ‘ Believe me, my father’s com-
 ‘ mands are ever present to me, and, as a
 ‘ testimony of my determination to obey
 ‘ him, accept from me this medal, which he
 ‘ enjoined me to bestow upon you ; “ And
 ‘ “ let him, when it presses on his heart, let
 ‘ “ him recall to mind the friendship which
 ‘ “ existed between his departed parent and
 ‘ “ me ; let him remember the faithful and
 ‘ “ affectionate regard my Osmond bore
 ‘ “ me ; and let him, when he reflects on
 ‘ “ those ties that united our hearts, imitate
 ‘ “ him, in his conduct to my Ethelburga :”
 ‘ such were the words of my father’s will, and
 ‘ such, my lord, are mine,’ said she as she
 tied the ribbon around his neck trembling
 with various emotions.

Fitz Alwy’s agitation was visible ; silent-
 ly he pressed the medal to his lips, and
 B 5 placed

placed it next his heart; he lifted not up his eyes, which were animated by wild glances; but after a labouring sigh had left his bosom he solemnly pronounced, ‘ Ah Ethel-burga!’ when, finding his usual eloquence was dumb, she left him to his reflections, keenly delighted that this painful task of duty was o’er.

Fitz Alwy was now obliged to depart for Mont Eagle. The Baroness with her visitors and attendants promised to be there in three days. Sir Leonard de Falconris, the sub-warden of Wolfnorth, was to be left in charge of the Castle. Lord Bardolph had been ill some time, and Dunthalgo was not quite recovered: and therefore, with Malcolm of Luistore, were to remain behind.

Fitz Alwy’s proud heart was gratified by the arrival of Arthur Prince of Wales, a young monarch who shone resplendent in the sphere of arms, and who brought with him the flower of the south—Lord Mont

Lion

Lion, the Baron of Penmenmaur his cousin, Sir Fingal Dunbardon, Sir Tristram of Eagleburg, Calma Lord of Toscar, Cospatrick Lord of Black-castle, Sir Bertrand de Trent, and Harold the Knight of Penrith; and besides these, his four esquires, all of noble port and birth; Sir Ferdinand Montboucheir, Sir Carlovin du Lake, Lord Dunduthno, and Sir Lewellin ap Maur. All of whom were magnificently accoutred, and lodged in the Castle of Mont Eagle, whose immense structure accommodated all the knights and nobles who attended.

The De Warrenne family had promised to be present at this grand tourney; though they refused all Fitz Alwy's solicitations to take up their abode in the Castle. Augustine D'Aubigny therefore, with the Countesses Fitz William and Lanois, were the only females who accompanied Ethelburga.

Sir Morcar de Mowbray was now attended by one of his esquires, Sir Edwert
de

de Dunstaville, a noble and elegant youth : but his heralds, attendants, and other esquire, Norroy Fitz Bertrand, were in high preparation for his approaching nuptials and the festivities of Elfwold, where he intended to appear for the first time in all his pomp.

A splendid encampment beneath the heights of Mont Eagle attracted the attention of the inhabitants of Wolfnorth, when, to the distress of the Lady Eva, it proved to be Percy Earl of Northumberland, with his allies, the splendid Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, Starvo Lord of Elphin, and the resolute Lord Roslyn. Their appearance was indeed most magnificent, and foretold the conspicuous characters they meant to support.

Many other groups appeared crossing the wold as the great day approached ; some of which they recognized as having appeared in the court of Wolfnorth.

The opening of this grand tournament

was

was fixed for the first of May, the festival of St. Philip and St. James. —The train from Wolfnorth prepared to depart—a noble and magnificent sight it was. Ethelburga went in state, attended by her heralds, knights bannerets, esquires, and pages. Sir Edwin Montague and Stanley Fitz Aubrey had the honour this day to be appointed her knights bannerets; but, at their earnest request, were still permitted to retain their office as her esquires. —Edwin's esquire was young Herbert Fitz John; Stanley's, Henry de Valois: and nobly did they bear their commands; the standards of Falconberg could not be in better hands:—sweet was the fire of Edwin's purple eyes, as he swore to protect it with his life—and young Stanley's animated manner proved, how firm his purpose, and how potent was his arm.

Nothing could be more auspicious than the smiling day on which this superb procession

cession marched through the wide open gates of Wolfnorth.

First, appeared the six heralds of Falconberg mounted on beautiful grey steeds, whose trappings were gold and vermeil, bearing lofty plumes in the caps, and well-appointed banners to their trumpets.

Secondly, came forth Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey in his robes of state. He rode a handsome steed of grey, whose trappings were vermeil with the gold tressure, ermine, and cloth of gold: he had two esquires, Robert de Tressy and Walter Fitz Walter, who were followed by fifty archers.

Thirdly, followed the two-knights bannerets, Sir Stanley on a light grey charger; Edwin on his favourite chesnut:—they were followed by their esquires, and each twenty men at arms; those of Edwin on chesnut steeds, those of Stanley on light greys, bearing the standards of Falconberg. The young knights' banners appeared to

great

great advantage, for they were long and broad, and glittered sumptuously in the sun. Edwin this day wore a scarf of white and gold, and milk-white feathers on his casque, and beautiful he looked.

Fourthly, the Baroness and Countess Fitz William on milk-white palfreys. The Baroness made a noble appearance. Her dark green hat, topped by a triple plume of snow-white feathers, became her marvelously ; of the same colour was her robe, lined with the choicest ermine. Her horse's trappings were of dark green, richly embroidered with gold and silver ; so were the reins, and her horse's shoes were gold. She was attended on either side by her noble cousin and Sir Aymer de Valance : her horse was led by Sir Durant Fitz Osburne, and Sir Edwert de Dunstaville ; followed by her little pages Oswy and Fitz Aymer, on small grey ponies, which were likewise led by two esquires.

Lady

countenance and deportment, was seen and known : he soon cleared a noble alley to the Castle, and crossing the tournament court, passed the eastern keep ; in the Donjon court he was met by Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, who conducted him across King Henry's court, to the door of the grand hall of entrance.—There waited Fitz Alwy, his countenance more animated, his attire more superb, and his air more commanding than ever. A crowd of nobles surrounded, but stood in distant admiration of him ; while he, unmindful of all but Einelburga, presented his knee to the stirrup, and welcomed her to the Castle.

This public demonstration of his love and respect for her, overwhelmed her in a tremor of confusion ; but he soothed her by his manners and polite attention, and blended every demonstration of his love with undeniable testimony of profound respect. He led her through the crowd of admiring knights, into a most magnificent hall, from

from thence to a saloon decorated by the finished hand of taste : here, he introduced her to the young Prince of Wales, his cousin the Baron of Penmenmaur, the valiant Mont Lion, the haughty Dun Rock, the handsome Harold knight of Penrith, and many others.

Arthur was at once struck with her majestic beauty ; but proved, by the compliment he paid her, that Fitz Alwy had taken care to make known her engagements to himself. To Sir Philip and Sir Morcar, Mont Eagle was assiduously polite and complimentary, and to the whole party he was most attentive ; it was evident that coming with Ethelburga, was sufficient to ensure them every luxury of the Castle. After a slight refreshment, Fitz Alwy begged permission to conduct her to the pavilion : he now requested her to bestow the prizes, saying, that “ from *her* hand they would receive a treble value, and stimulate each knight to the full exertion

tion of his powers." As she presented him her hand, they were arrested by the entrance of the Baron de Warrenne and his family, consisting of the Lady Adela, Agnes, Sir Vortimer, Lord de Lucy, Lord Henry Murray, gallant and potent in limb ; Sir Felix de Lucy, beautiful and interesting in person, the noble Albert de Montfort, and the valiant Hubert of Lindisfern.

Sir Morcar undisguisedly approached Adela, and presented to her his arm ; while Ethelburga for the first time remarked an intelligence conveyed in the eyes of Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, and the beautiful Agnes, as he presented to her his hand.

They now passed on to the pavilion, which was placed at the east side of the Tournament Court, and opposite the Castle: one amongst the party was sunk, in the midst of this splendid scene, into an abyss of woe.

When Sir Philip was last at Mont
Eagle,

Eagle, it was to bear the heart-broken Osmond from the arms of his Editha ! it was to accompany him from that home of bliss, to which, alas ! he was destined never to return ! Nor had the feelings of his youthful years been effaced from his mind by the heavy pressure of time,—for the heart of Fitz Aubrey beat in too sensible a bosom, for him ever to lose the recollection of his friend and benefactor, whose memory was cherished by him as the dearest feeling of his soul. Thus in the midst of the gay crowd was Fitz Aubrey solitary and alone ; forgetful of the passing objects, or, if mindful of them, only to regret their sad uncongenial contrast with his feelings. It was this absorbment of his soul, which perhaps prevented his observing the haughty and reserved manner of the Baron de Warrenne to the Chieftain of Mont Eagle, the contempt of Sir Vortimer, or the ill-disguised scorn of Lord de Lucy. Ethelburga, however, remarked these
emotion

emotions with surprise; and perhaps accused him, in her heart, of ingratitude and injustice. A circumstance occurred, however, ere the tournament began, which awakened sentiments of pity in her breast, and for a time banished every other emotion.

Sir Edwin Montague had been treated by the Baron with affectionate attention; not being however able to leave his banner, he had been absent at the presentation of the company in the grand saloon: but he yielded up to Herbert Fitz John the task of holding it in the court, and now approached the pavilion, when the following group arm in arm drew nigh: Lord de Morthemer, the Baron Dun Rock, Lord Ullin of Lodore, Algernon Mount Bernard, and Rubin Earl of Windemere; followed by Walter de Segrave, and Edmund de Welle. Lord de Morthemer seemed in earnest conversation with them, when Fitz Alwy, taking Edwin's arm, approached them and said---

‘ Permit

‘ Permit me, my noble friends, to introduce to your notice Sir Edwin Montague !’

But what were the feelings of the gentle Edwin, when the nobles, staring him in the face, rudely replied not to his bow—the Baron Dun Rock, casting a glance at Fitz Alwy, exclaimed—

‘ What ! the son of Lord Edwin Montague in the Castle of Fitz Alwy !! Methought the north had suffered enough from his name already—The Castle of Montaigne is now razed to the ground ; what phoenix, foursooth, is this, sprung from the ashes !’

The calm, deliberate cruelty with which the Baron pronounced these words, banished the glow which had mantled the cheek of Edwin—shame and distress were succeeded by a burst of indignation, and, dropping the arm of Mont Eagle, which had relaxed from its pressure on the speech of the Baron---

‘ Beware, my Lord,’ he said, ‘ lest from
the

‘ the ashes of Dun Rock the De Montagues
 ‘ may yet spring as the phoenix from the
 ‘ flames ; hitherto thou hast been too con-
 ‘ temptible to receive, however deserving it,
 ‘ the chastisement of the family of Mon-
 ‘ taigne : but now a cloud has enveloped the
 ‘ laurels of that family’s bright name, it is
 ‘ almost on a level with thee ! and there yet
 ‘ remains an arm which will in due season
 ‘ chastise thee.’—And turning with a glance
 of contempt on the party, he departed into
 the interior of the pavilion.

But with a breaking heart did he re-
 tire.

This scene had not passed unobserved
 by Ethelburga and Augustine, nor, it
 appeared, by the Lord de Lucy ; for he
 sought Sir Edwin in the retirement of his
 sorrows, and taking his arm, courted his
 affability by a thousand professions of friend-
 ship. Ethelburga checked the impulse
 of her heart, which prompted her by every
 attention to betray to Edwin that she knew
 all

all that had passed ; but she felt that at the present moment it would be a relief to the delicacy of his feelings to appear unconscious of the whole affair : she marked with regret that Fitz Alwy resented not the cruelty of their conduct, but conversed with the utmost unconcern with the Baron and his associates.

The heralds of Mont Eagle now proclaimed the commencement of the tournament ; they were dressed in gala dresses, divested of armour ; and clad in robes of pale azure and silver, with caps of glossy black, ornamented with a profusion of white plumes, and a beautiful banner of pale azure bearing the silver winged lion of Mont Eagle pendant from silver trumpets ; they were mounted on milk-white steeds, whose housings were of finest ermine.

They were followed by the heralds of the Prince of Wales, who were six in number, clad in armour richly gilt, with

plumes of white feathers o'er their helmets, and bore his banner quartered or and vert, on the or a gules rampant lion, and on the vert a beautiful harp of pure gold, in the midst of which was a princely coronet magnificently emblazoned—the whole surrounded by a deep gold fringe, and suspended to gilt trumpets; they rode bright chesnut steeds, whose housings were green and gold.

Their Prince rushed into the ring amidst a burst of applause; he was a noble youth, whose countenance bore testimony to the greatness of his birth, and, as he glanced his fiery eyes around, seemed anxious but incredulous of meeting with an equal opponent. He was tall and dressed in gilded mail, from his shoulder depended a cloak of green lined with ermine, and richly decorated with gold: from a crimson ribbon around his neck, was hung the jewelled cross of St. Esprit: around his casque was his coronet, composed alternately

nately of golden fleur-de-lis and white balls—the whole surmounted by a plume of six white feathers: he rode a noble chesnut horse of bright hue and fiercest spirit, which indeed obeyed the reins only of his Prince. His housings were most magnificent, of dark green embroidered richly with golden harps, a bordure of gold and vermilion tressure. His buckler bore his arms, and his spear was ready placed in rest.—

For a few moments his fiery courser pawed the ground—when a group of prancing heralds entered, and answered his challenge from Percy Earl of Northumberland; who soon himself burst upon the crowd, and bowing to Prince Arthur couched his lance. They commenced the onset fierce and daring as lions of the mountains, and proved themselves adepts both in the theory and practice of the art of war. The wishes of the ladies were decidedly favourable to Prince Arthur,

who, after a very admirable tilt, won the laurels of the combat.

The Percy withdrew greatly discomfited, and more particularly as he observed the well-pleased looks of Lord and Lady Fitz William, who greatly rejoiced at his defeat ; though there was a look of malicious triumph in the eyes of the Percy, which caused an indescribable terror in the bosom of Eva ; and, after much solicitude and intreaty, she obtained from her Lord a reluctant promise that he would avoid engaging the Northumbrian tyger.

As the Percy's heralds withdrew, four heralds mounted on iron-grey horses approached ; they were clad in deep blue steel ornamented with gold ; they bore white feathers and a beautiful banner—the upper part of the field white, on which was a baronial coronet, the lower darkest blue, on which was a gold fret. They proclaimed Gaul Baron Rothmar, who advanced on a prancing iron-grey with

with trappings of dark blue and silver. He was not young, but portly, and well experienced in the school of arms ; clad in deep blue steel richly embossed with silver ; a dark blue cloak embroidered with silver and lined with ermine ; a plume of white feathers graced his casque. This tilt lasted not long ; Prince Arthur was all-powerful.

Lord Dunduthno, his esquire, now advanced with a fresh horse ; the constant practice of young Arthur, who generally tired many a gallant courser in the combat. Dunduthno was of graceful port ; and as he was advancing with the unmanageable steed, the Baroness smiled on Edwin, for his arms and accoutrements were like those generally worn by young Montague : like him, a plume of peacock's feathers graced his casque ; his armour was of dark steel inlaid with silver, a dark blue scarf scattered all over with the gaudy eyes of Juno's Argus. He presented his steed to his courteous master, and, withdrawing

drawing with the other, left the ring once more clear.

Now three heralds approached, whose decorations were not designed by the hand of taste: they bore a banner recognized by many with disgust; Sir Eliss D'Aubigny most particularly frowned upon it. It was pale azure of square form, a golden serpent coiled; o'er this a handsome coronet made a becoming effect. They proclaimed the Earl of Wilton---clad in black and gold armour, a pale azure cloak and feathers. Prince Arthur handled him like a plaything, but his unruly horse, exasperated to the highest pitch, bounded over the ring, doing much mischief, and nearly overthrowing his rider.

The Earl, however, bowing lowly to his tilted opponent, owned himself unequal to the contest; and the gallant Prince quitted the ring amidst a burst of applause.

Fitz Alwy and Sir Morcar had purposely avoided contending with the Prince
of

of Wales; for whom a prize had been previously prepared, and was now bestowed with the utmost grace by the hand of Ethelburga; when the young Prince, pressing the gift to his lips, took his seat beside her.

Sir Edwin Montague, who had been deeply wounded by the numerous insults he had received, and which evidently arose from the pains Lord de Morthemmer, the Earl of Wilton, and other nobles, had taken to relate his unfortunate history in the most unfavourable manner, had retired behind the throne of Ethelburga--he leaned on it in a melancholy attitude; and, although brought up in the court of Prince Arthur's father, who was just deceased, he advanced not to him; for a throng of his insulting enemies surrounded, to bask in the courted smiles of the youthful Prince.

Fitz Alwy evidently avoided him; Stanley was occupied by Augustine, Sir Morcar with

with his Adela ; the young Vortimer hung over Agnes, as desponding a picture as himself: and De Lucy, who left not his side, was his sole companion. Sir Aymer had disappeared with Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, and Ethelred of Mont Rose was fully employed by Fitz Alwy.

Edwin, thus plunged in despondency, was listening to the soft tones of Ethelburga's voice, as she sat in conversation with the Prince of Wales, when a knight loudly exclaimed--at the same time seizing his hand with the warm pressure of friendship---

‘ Montague ! by my troth !---Montague, how are you ? where have you hid yourself for these last two years ?—I have sought you in every court in the north ! Long have I wished to introduce you to our order, which could not possess a greater ornament ! O Edwin Montague ! I am rejoiced to meet you here.’---

This

This encounter attracted the attention of all surrounding: the Baron Dun Rock and his party looked in evident surprize; but were still more so to see Prince Arthur start from his seat, and, crossing over his arm, pull Edwin's scarf violently -- The youth turned round, and received the offered hand of the Prince, who intemperately addressed him---

‘ Sir Edwin Montague, I see, knows how
 ‘ to forget his friends! he has hid himself
 ‘ industriously for the last two years: but,
 ‘ however, his friends cannot *so easily* for-
 ‘ get him.’

Edwin, overpowered, pressed Arthur's hand to his lips---‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ (he gracefully replied,) ‘ ingratitude prompted
 ‘ not my concealment; my reasons must
 ‘ be too well understood for not having
 ‘ intruded myself on your notice---but, be-
 ‘ lieve me, my Prince, had I obeyed the
 ‘ impulse of my heart, I should long since
 ‘ have paid my respects to you.’

‘ Your excuse is accepted, Montague,
 ‘ from the remembrance of our boyish
 ‘ hours of friendship—’ (and a tear here
 entered the eyes of both at the recollection
 of their companion, Donald Lord Mac-
 william). ‘ But I will honestly tell you,
 ‘ that I believe your friends in the moun-
 ‘ tains intruded not much on your mind,
 ‘ while I find you basking amidst the most
 ‘ lovely assemblage of beauties in Europe,
 ‘ with whom I am well convinced that
 ‘ you are a general favourite---at least so it
 ‘ was in Wales.’---He smiled archly, and
 cast his eyes around.

A deep sigh involuntarily escaped the
 bosom of Edwin ; but his triumph over
 his unfeeling enemies was complete, for
 Ethelburga, with the sweetest grace ima-
 ginable, smiled upon him, and assured the
 Prince---

‘ Sir Edwin Montague needs but to be
 ‘ seen and known, to be beloved.’---

The admirable youth, who had thus so
 brilliantly

brilliantly introduced Edwin to the notice of the Prince, was Harold, the knight of Penrith, greatly the favourite of Arthur, and formerly the dearest friend of Edwin: he possessed a nervous and commanding figure, with regular and handsome features, and a smile of unvarying kindness adorned the most beautiful mouth in the world. He was accoutred in a suit of blue steel ornameuted with golden studs, and a lion's face in gold embossed largely on his breast-plate, his shoulders, and knees: he wore a cloak of crimson, with a bordure of dark blue edged on each side with gold; on which blue was worked, by the hand of his mistress, many golden lions passant: on his helmet he bore three crimson plumes.

His heart was generous and noble, his fortune vast, and his family one of the oldest in Wales: this knight, nature had embellished in person and enriched with
courage;

courage ; — his name was revered by the brave, and feared by the cruel.

Edwin renewed his friendship with him with proud delight, and his late sorrows were quickly effaced from his mind.

Sir Morcar had been called by Ethelburga, who disclosed to him the scene she had witnessed concerning the young De Montague : the heart of the brave chieftain panted to chastise this cruel and malignant conduct towards his young friend, and he immediately desired Edwert de Dunstaville to bring him his arms ; casting at the same time such looks of vengeance on the party, as could not be misunderstood by them.

He armed for the fight, and the six heralds of Falconberg entered to proclaim his name : his fine manly countenance was heated by anger, when he sent forth his challenge ; and he regarded Lord de Mortemer in that pointed manner, that he felt obliged to prepare to oppose him.

Fitz

Fitz Alwy, on his return to the pavilion; was infinitely surprised to see Prince Arthur in earnest conversation with Edwin, Harold holding his arm and joining in friendly converse with him. Unable to understand this scene, he stood mute and observant, until the Baron Dun Rock approached, and, placing his arm within his, whispered in his ear, and led him to a distant part of the pavilion. Sir Morcar in the mean time had overcome the magnificent owner of Redwald and Ravensthorpe; and, as he rested in his stirrup, Sir Edwert arranged his dress, and patted his steed's sleek coat.

Three heralds now answered his challenge; they were arrayed in green and gold; mounted on coal-black steeds, and bore a green banner, on which was a golden serpent with seven heads. They proclaimed Ullin Lord Lodore, who appeared a youth of fiery eye, and whose countenance bespoke a fierce and cruel mind: he was clad

clad in-armour imitating the scales of the wily serpent; he wore a green belt, no cloak or scarf; his horse was black, large, and strong-boned; and his trappings a net of finely-woven steel. There was much of passion and revenge in his manner; the gallant Morcar smiled at his malicious glances, and felt determined to overthrow him. Lord Lodore, fired by pride and malice, rushed impetuously at De Mowbray, who in three assaults laid him in the dust; and he had not time to draw breath before four heralds sumptuously arrayed entered the area, and proclaimed the —

Baron Dun Rock.—He was a man whose limbs seemed well formed for war, but *villain* was written most legibly on his dark countenance: his complexion was swarthy, his eyes deep sunk, black, and keenly piercing, his hair black; cruelty, scorn, and contempt, lurked in his full large lips: his accoutrements were however splendid

did and well appointed, and he rode his horse like a man who was born for the fierce pursuit of arms. His armour was of darkest hue, tinged with green, and embossed with the finest gold; a star of pure gold adorned his breast-plate, in whose centre was a carbuncle of immense value; his casque was likewise adorned with gold, and a smaller carbuncle glittered in the front, a beautiful plume of white feathers assisted the decorations of his cuirass; his cloak was of crimson lined with green and bordered with the same, embroidered richly with gold. On his shield was a most gorgeous coat of arms. The field divided in the midst, one half of the finest emerald green, the other the richest crimson, on which was a winged monster of fine gold. He rode a beautiful dark horse, whose trappings were crimson and gold.

He appeared with a nascent stimulated by pride and courage by nobility; while Sir Horace, who knew he had no

CHAP. III.

which was now totally deserted, for the entrance courts : he approached a buttress which jutted from the apartments formerly occupied by Fitz Alwy, the late Baron ; and gave way to the excess of grief which overpowered him. Sir Aymer for some time remained unseen, until, perceiving a knight tripping by the Castle at some distance, he approached Sir Philip, in order to render his situation less conspicuous ; the warden pressed his hand in silence, and, after taking a few turns in this retired spot, regained some composure.

‘ Has Mont Eagle undergone many alterations, Fitz Aubrey, since you last saw it ? ’—said Sir Aymer. ‘ Not many, for we left the Castle under these improvements when my dear Fitz Alwy departed for the Holy Land : all this superb Gothic was then commenced, and I see they have completed the plan so magnificently designed by Osmond. The interior is all new to me, but the apartments of Editha and her
‘ lord

‘ lord were completed when he departed ;
 ‘ I find my Ethelburga is to inhabit
 ‘ them, and I trust I shall see them the
 ‘ same as when I left them—There are the
 ‘ walls’—(continued Sir Philip, as a pro-
 jection presented itself to them).

This side of the Castle o’erlooked a steep declivity which jutted into the wold beneath ; it commanded a vast and variegated prospect, with a lengthened view of the wold and Castle of Wolfnorth, whose massy and numerous towers, extended walls, and out-posts, looked like some fortified and beautiful city ; while towards the east sparkled the distant waves of the German Sea, and a small projection which jutted out into it, was pointed out by Sir Philip to Sir Aymer as the ruined fortress of Fitz Arnulf ; and he continued the following conversation to his amiable companion.

‘ You, my friend, never having seen this
 ‘ place before, escape the heart-rending
 ‘ sensations that wound my soul ; to me it
 ‘ brings

‘brings a thousand tender recollections’—
 (Sir Philip dashed away the tear from his
 eye) ‘the sight of yon fortress recalls most
 ‘forcibly to my mind traces of past history;
 ‘and I will explain to you, my friend, why
 ‘it remains thus a ruined dependant upon
 ‘the elder branch of this noble family:—

‘Ethelmorne, baron of Mont Eagle and
 ‘Lord Fitz Arnulf, was the richest noble
 ‘and the greatest favourite of our late
 ‘monarch Henry: he was liberal, valiant,
 ‘and generous; but prone to prodigality,
 ‘inconstancy, and haughtiness of temper.
 ‘He was scarcely of age when he formed
 ‘an alliance with Elizabeth, the daughter
 ‘of a Scotch chieftain, a match, however,
 ‘by no means suitable to his exalted sta-
 ‘tion. Leofwin was the fruit of these nup-
 ‘tials, and inherited all his mother’s beauty,
 ‘but not his father’s virtues. Leofwin was
 ‘scarcely three years of age when the
 ‘baron his father, discovering or imagining
 ‘that

‘ that he had discovered the dishonour of
 ‘ his wife, divorced her.

‘ Shortly afterwards, he married Rosa-
 ‘ mond, the mother of Osmond : she was
 ‘ every way suitable to him, and his love
 ‘ for her and her son, soon divested his
 ‘ heart of much affection for Leofwin.
 ‘ Generosity and honour still bound him to
 ‘ him ; but as his claim as heir was set
 ‘ aside, he presented to him when he grew
 ‘ up the *then* flourishing fortress called Fort
 ‘ Arnulf, and obtained a patent for this
 ‘ title to descend to him and his heirs.
 ‘ Leofwin, however, neglected the for-
 ‘ tress and suffered it to fall into decay, and
 ‘ at the age of nineteen left his father’s
 ‘ castle, and proceeded to the court of
 ‘ Ergand, in whose monarch’s cause he
 ‘ soon won a glorious and distinguished
 ‘ name.

‘ In this time the Baron died, leaving
 ‘ Osmond sole inheritor of all his posses-
 ‘ sions ; and to Leofwin, only his blessing
 ‘ and

‘ and what he already possessed, which
 ‘ had he managed with common prudence,
 ‘ would have been an affluent fortune,
 ‘ as the fortress of Fitz Arnulf was at that
 ‘ time not only strong and commodious,
 ‘ but commanded a numerous and hardy
 ‘ villenage; Leofwin, however, was a
 ‘ greater prodigal than his father, and
 ‘ soon squandered away all he possessed.

‘ Soon after Osmond’s marriage with
 ‘ Editha, Leofwin returned, his person
 ‘ and manner sadly altered; he brought
 ‘ with him his infant son, and then for the
 ‘ first time owned that he had been mar-
 ‘ ried. The manner of his return mark-
 ‘ ed an unsettled mind.—It was thus—

‘ One stormy night the Baron having just
 ‘ retired to repose, (he slept in the rooms
 ‘ which we are now passing), was disturb-
 ‘ ed by deep groans, which the intervening
 ‘ calm between each burst of the storm
 ‘ permitted him to hear, and at intervals,
 ‘ the loud crying of a child. He was go-
 ‘ ing

' ing to arise, without disturbing his slum-
 ' bering Editha, when the horn was loudly
 ' sounded at the gate: presently the war-
 ' den appeared, and said that a holy man
 ' who bore in his arms a child, importuned
 ' for admittance, and declared that he had
 ' business of importance with their lord.
 ' Osmond, whose soul was ever alive to
 ' the feelings of humanity, ordered the
 ' friar to be received, and flinging on a
 ' loose robe proceeded to the north saloon,
 ' where the stranger awaited him. When
 ' he entered, the monk, wrapped in his
 ' cowl, was pacing the room with disturbed
 ' and hurried steps, while every now and
 ' then an agonized groan broke from his
 ' heaving breast—on the sofa lay an infant
 ' boy about a year old, wet and cold, having
 ' cried itself to sleep. Osmond, locked
 ' in astonishment for some time, stood
 ' irresolute, when approaching the monk he
 ' said: "Holy Father, I am informed you
 ' "want *me* the Baron of Mont Eagle;
 ' " what

‘ “ what service have I in my power to
 ‘ “ render you ? speak, and it shall be
 ‘ “ done.” The monk regarded him for
 ‘ a few moments ; then, without return-
 ‘ ing any answer, again paced the room.
 ‘ Osmond approached the infant.

‘ “ Alas, poor innocent !” (he said)
 ‘ “ thou art cold and hungry, the tears still
 ‘ “ bathe thy infant cheeks ; come, poor
 ‘ “ boy, thou shalt be comforted, I will
 ‘ “ protect thee.”

‘ “ Wilt thou ?” exclaimed the friar in
 ‘ tones of wild despair, and, throwing off his
 ‘ cowl, disclosed to the astonished Fitz
 ‘ Alwy, the emaciated person of his bro-
 ‘ ther.

‘ “ Heavens !—Leofwin !” cried the
 ‘ afflicted Baron, throwing his arms around
 ‘ his neck, “ do I see you thus, and
 ‘ “ looking the image of death ?—O my
 ‘ “ brother, what can I do for you ?” a
 ‘ deep groan was his only reply—“ and this
 ‘ “ poor child—this is thy son !” cried Os-
 mond,

‘mond as he pressed it to his heart, and
 ‘flew to call the attendants, when Leofwin
 ‘rushed upon him, and seizing his arm cried
 ‘“Hold! for your life: I charge thee,
 ‘“betray me not.”

‘“Betray you, my brother!” (cried the
 ‘unhappy Baron) “O Leofwin! how have
 ‘“I merited such mistrust from you?”

‘Grief at the manner, look, and situa-
 ‘tion of his brother overcame him, and he
 ‘sunk upon his neck in tears. Fitz Arnulf,
 ‘now somewhat composed, declared his
 ‘inability to explain his situation, but said
 ‘the utmost secrecy was necessary to save
 ‘his honour, perhaps *his life*.—He request-
 ‘ed Fitz Alwy would give the household
 ‘to understand, that he was a stranger
 ‘who had brought to his care the child of
 ‘a deceased friend, and begged to be
 ‘placed in a remote suite of rooms in the
 ‘south-east part of the Castle, which had
 ‘been for some time uninhabited. He then
 ‘desired to be left to himself; and Os-
 VOL. II. D ‘mond,

mond, his mind filled with distressing
images, retired to his bed.

In the morning at dawn, he proceeded
to the apartment of his brother; but
who can describe his astonishment to find
him gone? how or when, he could not
discover, and a paper with these few
words, lay on the table—"Make no
inquiry after me, as you value my life
—protect my Eustace."

The child was lovely and interesting;
to Editha only he told the tale, and they
cherished it as their own.

Six months afterwards they were sur-
prised by the arrival of Lord Fitz Arnulf,
who came accompanied by two esquires:
his manner now wore an air of settled
melancholy; he thanked his brother with
heart-felt tenderness for the care he had
taken of his little Eustace, declared
himself a widower; but assiduously
avoided telling the family of his wife, or
in any manner accounting for his strange
conduct,

‘conduct, which seemed entirely to have faded from his memory. After having in vain essayed to banish his grief, Osmond was obliged to content himself by trying every means in his power to make him contented.—Yon desolate fortress, he persuaded him not to inhabit, and after much solicitude and entreaty, prevailed upon him to remain at Mont Eagle. But now, I imagine the infant matures, as he advances in years, in the vices of his parent, for he has been banished to his paternal domain—and where he may reflect as the sea dashes against its rugged sides, upon the baseness and ingratitude of his conduct.——’

As they continued their conversation, a voice struck their ear, as Sir Bevis de Wilton’s; they had not seen either him, or Lord Hontercombe in the court, and Sir Philip was congratulating himself on their banishment from Mont Eagle.

‘Was not that De Wilton’s voice?’ said

he. 'Methought it was,' replied Sir Aymer, and as he spoke, two knights appeared on a sudden turn of the building; they wore their vizors closed, but were strangers, and bowed to the friends as they passed: one was clothed in black armour, and bore a horrible device upon his shield, three skulls; the other was taller, and dressed in gaudy and ill-appointed grandeur.

Sir Philip and Sir Aymer, having been absent from the court some time, now returned, and on entering saw in the ring the Lord de Lucy engaged with Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, who, to the surprise of many, he bravely vanquished; for Fitz Godwin was reckoned an accomplished knight in the pursuit of arms, and it was seldom his lot to be overcome.

He next engaged an elegant youth; there was much generosity in his manner of fighting, but Lord de Lucy, who had conducted himself throughout the whole day with

with dignified haughtiness, gallantly overcame him ; and he then quitted the ring, scorning to receive the golden eagle of Fitz Alwy. 'This noble's name, whom he had vanquished, was Lord Mont Lion.

A knight now bounded into the ring, who caused admiration in the hearts of all ; he was active and handsome, and his arms many thought were the most magnificent in the court : Ethelburga was the only person silent upon his appearance ; but she remembered too well that he belonged to that group of knights who had so unfeelingly insulted her favourite, Sir Edwin ; and outward appearance gained but little applause from Ethelburga, if she conceived that it covered a base and malignant heart.

Six magnificent heralds, dressed in the colour of their master, and mounted upon white horses, proclaimed him Ruben, Earl of Windermere.

The challenge was answered by Aldo,
Lord

Lord of Thomond, a southern knight, who appeared about forty, and who possessed a comely person. The earl of Windermere proved his accomplishments were equal to his beauty and general expectation; he soon subdued Lord Thomond, and remained master of the ring.

The Northumbrian tyger rushed forward to attack him, and cast glances of fury at Fitz William, who smiled as he approached; his manner was fierce and impetuous, his enmity was to the Knight of the Rose, and yet he fought the young Ruben as if it was *him* and *him alone* he hated: he pursued his advantages with so much unbridled fury, that to the utter confusion of Ruben he hurled him on the dust; and although by this he gained his point, he seemed more anxious than ever to engage Fitz William, whom he challenged by his taunting looks: but respecting the promise he had made to Eva, he returned them with haughty contempt

Sir

Sir Vortimer de Warrenne appeared eager to encounter this youthful fury of the mountains, undaunted by his looks, which had dismayed many brave knights in the court. Sir Vortimer, on this occasion, made a most beautiful and interesting appearance. He was of the middle size, and slim for his height ; his features were imimitably beautiful and delicate, but the expression of his dark eye, the majestic line of his brow, and his dark-brown hair which shaded his countenance, rendered it sufficiently masculine ; these dark lines gave expression to his delicate features, and modulated the harshness of the others : he was remarkably pale.

He wore a suit of dark steel, enriched with gold, a magnificent cross fleury hung upon his breast, and a light silken scarf of crimson with gold edges. His casque was adorned by a wreath of golden laurel, (which was a prize he had won when very young at the Scottish court,) and a plume of
white

white feathers surmounted his crest, a lion's-head of gold erased. He rode a red roan horse of the choicest breed, whose cloth was extremely small, of crimson, with a gold bordure, his reins were crimson and gold. On his beautiful buckler he bore a field of crimson, on which was a gold cross fleury; and around it, a gold border with this motto thereon in fine silver, 'Je me fie en Dieu.'—

Ethelburga was delighted at the downfall of Earl Ruben; but she wished that he had met chastisement from any other hand than Earl Percy's, who she hoped might receive the fate that he had given; in which she was soon gratified, for Sir Vortimer, who was cool, courageous, and full of activity, warded those assaults he could not withstand, and soon took his wild opponent in chains.

Percy raged in vain; his fate was fixed, and in his passion he pricked his fiery beast, who was as untameable as his master, and
 throwing

throwing him, stunned him in the fall. Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, his dear friend and relative, assisted him to rise, and bore him from the ring.

Lord Roslyn, who had marked the defeat of his friend with evident vexation, threw his gauntlet at Sir Vortimer, who received it with a smile, and couched his lance : Lord Roslyn was not so young as the Percy, and was a little more guided by reason, although, like him, his unlicensed acts of violence made the country round tremble. He was of a noble and ancient family, as his banner displayed, and indeed the Percy was too proud to make friends of any other than the first nobles, who were as remarkable for their high birth as for their violence, tyranny, and unruly conduct.

His horse was so unruly that his bachelor Algernon Stewart could scarcely lead him into the ring ; and when they encountered he plunged against Sir Vortimer, and
well

well nigh overset the youthful De Warrenne; but he, however, sitting firmly in his stirrup, rebuffed the assault, and, after a severe battle, rendered confused by the mettlesome steed of Lord Roslyn, Sir Vortimer won the day. —

His father, the old Baron's heart beat high with delight, and in the effervescence of his feelings, exclaimed—

‘ Would that Sir Eustace were here !’—
Fitz Alwy frowned, and remained a silent spectator.

On an awkward grey horse, prancing and capering, came forward—Staruo, Lord of Elphin, who certainly possessed nothing but a sumptuous coat of arms to recommend him : in person thin and emaciated, lowering in brow and ferocious, his armour dark green and gold, a vermilion cloak and plumes; his banner was of white taffety, on which was his shield, supported by two green-winged monsters, his Baron's crown, and this motto—‘ I will it;’ his quarterings

quarterings were too numerous to name. He soon got his overthrow.

Fitz Alwy now started up, and declared Sir Vortimer fully authorized to receive the prize, which was a beautiful eagle of gold and silver: he seemed eager the young knight should possess it, and entered the ring himself to request his acceptance of it, which Ethelburga with great delight bestowed; for Sir Vortimer's disposition was so truly amiable, that he had won every heart at Wolfnorth. Gracefully he bent his knee; his father's evident delight was pleasing to his soul, but one glance from Agnes was the prize he valued!

Harold, the brave knight of Penrith, now proposed to Sir Edwin, that both should enter the lists and challenge any other two knights—Harold the champion of his Prince Edwin as Ethelburga's.

Fitz Alwy ordered the lists to be cleared for them; the Knight of Penrith's heralds proclaimed their challenge; they bore no banner

banner to their trumpets, but were accompanied by a pennon-bearer, and most beautiful it was. Its field was divided, in the midst gulcs and deep azure, on which were two golden lions passant in a line; the tail of the pennon was gold.—Harold rode a beautiful white steed—Edwin, his gallant Cathmin, whose bright chesnut coat sparkled in the rays of the full-orbed god of day. The heralds of Walter de Segrave answered their challenge; he approached, accompanied by Edmund de Welle.

Fitz Alwy, on his return to the pavilion, had flung himself into a seat by Ethelburga; he complained of faintness, a pallid cast was on his features, but a sweet smile decorated his lip.

‘Segrave and De Welle are, methinks, too hardy thus to engage those valiant foes;—and more particularly as the prayers of an angel will not be spared on the occasion.’

He

He smiled on Ethelburga, who was surprised at his remark, for the two knights he mentioned were certainly warm friends to him.

While she leaned her head upon her hand, reflecting on his conduct, a voice whispered in her ear—‘ Ah beware, fair Ethelburga ! he smiles but to betray.’ She started and looked round : it was pronounced by Lord de Lucy, who stood in the place Edwin had quitted. Fitz Alwy was conversing at that moment with Sir Hubert of Lindisfern ; he heard him not ; De Lucy regarded her with a calm and melancholy air, there was something in his countenance which at the same time gave her confidence and inspired curiosity, but the presence of Prince Arthur forbade all conference.

Harold and Edwin fought like men excelling in prowess and valour, both in arm and heart. Sir Morcar, laughing, declared the contest was a bauble to them ; and he inwardly gloried in the beautiful figure Edwin made ;

there was a seeming gentleness in his actions, which gave an appearance of ease to all his conquests; he unhorsed Edmund de Welle, while Harold subdued the courageous Walter de Segrave

Fitz Alwy smiled at the issue of the combat; but those who had studied the mystery of smiles, would have seen that a concealed malice lurked in his heart.

Lord de Morthemer and Fitz Godwin of Alnwick now gave some trouble to the brave young knights; they were opponents which yielded the lovers of chivalry a great treat. Sir Morcar was highly gratified, and Prince Arthur greatly interested, for Harold and Edwin had been schooled in the science of arms in his father's court; while the other knights were of the school of chivalry in England. The court was kept some time in suspense, it was evident to Ethelburga that the breast of Edwin panted with fatigue; his casque oppressed him; he threw it to his esquire—
what

what a beautiful figure he made ! with his fair forehead bare, and his auburn ringlets flowing loosely to the breeze.

‘ What a pity it is ’ (said Prince Arthur) ‘ that Edwin Montague’s health is still so delicate—I always feared for him.’

But as he spoke, Edwin closed with Lord de Morthemmer, and disarmed him : Harold and Fitz Godwin yet fought like young tygers.

Edwin withdrew to the edge of the ring, he gasped for breath and leaned upon his horse — how beautiful ! yet how languid he looked ! while De Morthemmer, seeing how much he was overcome, execrated his folly that he could not have held out a little longer. Fitz Godwin and Harold were fierce, and fires of vengeance and disappointment flashed from the eyes of the former, when the Knight of Penrith overcame him.

As this combat ceased, Fitz Alwy started from his seat, and retired among the crowd.

—Harold

—Harold would willingly have encountered more foes ; but Edwin was perfectly overcome, and approached the pavilion leaning on the arm of Sir Vortimer ; he was however adjudged worthy of receiving a beautiful silver chain, which Ethelburga bestowed, and which became him marvellously.

Prince Arthur, however, did not wish Harold to retire without the last gold eagle of the day, which yet was vacant ; he signified his desire to the Knight, who again entered the lists, hailed by a thousand voices.

Two heralds in dark steel with vermilion trappings entered the ring, their banners paly argent and gules, with a black passant lion.—This was immediately recognized by Sir Morcar de Mowbray ;

‘ Oh ! (he cried) that is the brave Henry Murray : Ethelburga, regard that knight, whom I am proud to call my relative ! ’

She turned her eyes on an elegant youth who entered ; his air was upright and commanding ;

manding; he was clothed in dark steel with golden studs, he had a belt of silver edged with red, and on his breast-plate a lion passant sable; he was finely formed, and wore no cloak, his silver belt had a beautiful appearance.—He bore a vermillion horse's mane over his helm, which flew in the wind and gave a wild and striking effect to his figure. His horse was black, with housings paly argent and gules.

Lord Henry Murray was an opponent Harold thought worthy of exciting all his skill, and when he gained the victory, Henry could not help expressing his admiration of his conqueror. He left the ring and approached Sir Morcar.

‘My dear cousin, (said De Mowbray)
‘welcome to the north! let me present
‘you to our noble relative.’—

Ethelburga smiled upon the youthful knight.—

‘Methinks, Morcar, I appear only to
‘disgrace

‘disgrace you—but half my sorrow is removed, when I know my conqueror to be the far-famed Knight of Penrith! many a greater hero has fallen beneath his arm.’

He paid his compliments to Ethelburga with much grace, and was received by Fitz Aubrey with sincere professions of regard.

Harold now closed the day by subduing Sir Henry of Rothas, and received the prize amongst shouts and loud plaudits, to the great joy of the Prince of Wales, whose court of chivalry was immortalized by the feats of this brave knight.

Fitz Alwy now presented his arm to Ethelburga, and tenderly led her to the Castle, not, however, until she had bade adieu to the De Warrenne family and party, whom no solicitations would induce to take up their abode at the castle of Mont Eagle.

Chap. III.

"A feeble sigh is heard! The ghost of Calmar came! he stalked dimly along the shade.—Dark is his wound—his hair is disordered and loose.—Sorrow is in his face. He seems to invite Cuthellin to his cave."

Osian.

THE Castle of Mont Eagle had been the residence of the Fitz Alwy family since the landing of Norman William, who had pulled down what remained of an ancient castle, (then indeed totally uninhabitable,) and founded the present Castle, in the exact form of Wolfnorth, only considerably smaller, and by no means equal to it in grandeur and magnificence.

The Baron Ethelmorne, Osmond's father, first extended the eastern court for the reception of his Monarch, which had
ever

ever since been called King Henry's court ; he carried it to the edge of the projecting precipice, which had been before covered with forest-trees---and built many state apartments, which now commanded a most admirable prospect. About the period in which Osmond married, the Norman architecture was beginning to give way to the introduction of the Gothic.

Its pointed arches, and long narrow windows, bold projections, clustered pillars, and vaulted roofs---its aspiring and irregular towers---suited well the gloomy temper of the times ; and the youthful Baron, almost demolishing the erections of his ancestors, projected a southern front, built a magnificent Gothic chapel, hall, and tournament court ; and soon rendered the Castle so different in appearance, that, excepting on the eastern side, no person would have known it for the same. This he finished and ornamented in the most sumptuous manner, but which was not perfected by his hand ;
it

it was finished by Fitz Alwy, the present Baron ; and the Castle of Mont Eagle, at the present day, was the most magnificent and elegant structure England had to boast.

Edwin had sought in vain, during the tournament, an opportunity of conversing with Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose ; but as they were quitting the court, Mont Rose whispered him — ‘ When Sir Morcar retires to his apartments, ask *me* to shew you which they are ; Sir Durant will offer, but avoid it, for our friendship is disapproved by the Baron, and will be interrupted if possible :’ When, seeing Sir Durant endeavouring to join them, he departed.

As Sir Ethelred remarked, Fitz Osborne offered to shew them to their apartments ; but Sir Morcar waved it for the present, and a little time afterwards, when they were in the saloon, and Sir Durant absent, Edwin approached Sir Ethelred, who attended

tended Fitz Alwy, and requested that he would shew them their apartments: the Baron slightly frowned, and looked around for some other; but Mont Rose quickly arose and departed with them: he made signal of silence; when they arrived at the eastern gallery, Sir Morcar would have spoken, but Sir Ethelred cast a significant glance at a door they were passing on the left, and he at once led them into Edwin's tower chamber, and, securing the passage door that led to it, laughed with the most unfeigned merriment, and thus addressed them:—

‘ I assure you it has required the utmost management I am master of to procure this meeting, so closely am I watched by Sir Guy Fitz Piers, and Sir Bevis de Wilton.—’

‘ Sir Bevis de Wilton!’ (exclaimed both knights in surprise,) ‘ why, we imagined him to be absent.’

Mont Rose laughed.—‘ And I fancy it
‘ is

‘is the Baron’s wish that you should think
 ‘so—but have you not observed that
 ‘grim death’s-head Knight, who appears
 ‘the ghost of his own valour, who follows
 ‘me about like my shadow, and who wears
 ‘his vizor down?—That I know to be Sir
 ‘Bevis de Wilton; (Sir Morcar frowned)
 ‘he does not know that I know him; but
 (continued he laughing,) ‘you and I, Mon-
 ‘tague, must challenge him, and we shall
 ‘soon see if it is that magnanimous hero.’—

‘How do you know it is de Wilton,
 ‘Montrose?’ (said Sir Morcar with a stern
 regard.

‘I cannot be mistaken,’ (replied Mont
 Rose,) ‘and the reason is a very simple
 ‘one, that I have seen his face. You
 ‘must know, that the Baron gave out to
 ‘his household, that Lord Ithona and Sir
 ‘Bevis were departed for some time, and
 ‘they consequently yesterday disappeared;
 ‘but this they might easily do; there are
 ‘plenty of private apartments, Heaven
 ‘knows,

' knows, in *this Castle*, that it is death to
 ' enter: but they are placed on the east
 ' side of King Henry's long gallery; they
 ' look into the Donjon court, and have in-
 ' numerable private passages and staircases
 ' —no one *dare* intrude: but I believe this
 ' is no punishment to any one, I can
 ' answer for myself however. — *I* am
 ' positively imprisoned in my present apart-
 ' ments, they are immediately in the Baron's
 ' vestibule, and Sir Guy, that blood-stained
 ' esquire, is my companion.——

' Last night, when the Baron was retiring
 ' to his bed, I had occasion to pass to his
 ' apartment; there is a tower opens into his
 ' bed-room, in which I believe there is a
 ' private staircase, of which he always keeps
 ' the key.—As I entered at one door, this
 ' black knight retired at the other, but not
 ' before I had a complete view of his face,
 ' and heard him say, "Farewell my Lord."
 ' I knew this was a private affair, and re-
 ' tired

' lock the portal inside, and he shut his
 ' bed-room door, which I immediately after
 ' knocked at for admittance. But how-
 ' ever, had I wanted further proof, his
 ' secret whisperings with Sir Guy would
 ' have given it; I asked him who he was—
 ' he told me "an unknown," and I chose
 ' to appear satisfied: but however, if I were
 ' to give my opinion, neither Lord Honter-
 ' combe or Sir Bevis are far off: and that
 ' detestable piece of deceit, Sir John de
 ' St. John, told the Baron of his meeting
 ' me and Edwin the other day on the ter-
 ' race of Wolfnorth, and, for some reason
 ' or other, Fitz Alwy seems determined to
 ' interrupt our intercourse; however, thank
 ' God! my servitude is nearly out, for,
 ' pardon me, Sir,' (he continued, turning to
 ' De Mowbray,) ' if I acknowledge before
 ' you, for whom I possess the highest pos-
 ' sible esteem, that I do not like either
 ' Mont Eagle or its Lord.'

' No offence, Ethelred,' said Sir Mor-

car with a sigh,) ‘ I sincerely wish this was
‘ not the case.’

‘ And Edwin, (said Mont Rose,) I would
‘ have you beware of Sir Durant, for he is
‘ so staunch a friend of Sir John’s, that if
‘ he was an angel,—and I do not think he
‘ much resembles one—he would be per-
‘ verted: he sleeps at the end of this gal-
‘ lery—and the Earl of Wilton opposite
‘ you, Sir’—(to De Mowbray).

‘ Heavens!’ (cried Edwin in great emo-
tion,) ‘ am I so near a monster who bears
‘ De Wilton’s name!—’

‘ Nay, prythee do not you object, De
‘ Montague,’ (said the smiling young
knight,) ‘ for if his greatest enemy had
‘ chosen a room for him, it would have
‘ been the one he sleeps in; it is haunted, I
‘ hear, by a legion of devils and hobgoblins
‘ of all descriptions—but so indeed is the
‘ whole fabric.’

While yet he was speaking, a sudden
knock at the door startled them.—

‘ Fitz

‘ Fitz Osburne, I am coming ;’ said Sir Ethelred with a laugh, and nodding to them he departed. Sir Durant stood a little confused, but told Ethelred the Baron asked of him.

Sir Morcar and Edwin conversed some time upon this conduct of Fitz Alwy ; Sir Morcar’s spirits were overcast, and he regretted to De Montague, the incredulity of Sir Philip :

‘ That good and amiable man’ (said he) ‘ is so much attached to this family, that there is no convincing him that it is possible for any part of it to be censurable.—I cannot make him believe that it was *not* the spirit of the late Baron whom we saw, and Fitz Alwy’s having seen it himself, in his mind is definitive.’

They continued in converse, until Sir Guy Fitz Piers told them the nobles were already seated at the banquet, when Sir Morcar and Edwin hurried the arrange-

ment of their dress, and descended to the hall.

This scene was indeed splendid :—the tables were arranged in the same manner as those of Wolfnorth ; the banners and armour of this noble house glittered in many a trophied form : the attendants were numerous, and were chiefly boys, dressed in white and silver, with the crest of Mont Eagle blazoned on their breasts—but amongst the crowd, Fitz Alwy shone triumphant ! none equalled him in beauty, grace, and mien ; and in his luxuriant attire, he, if possible, looked more beautiful than in his warlike clothing.—He wore a dress of white silk, fitted to his matchless shape, over which a robe of pale blue, lined and bound with ermine, was confined around his waist by a silver belt and jewelled buckle ; a brilliant sword decorated a beautiful baldrick : his buskins were white, in his hand he bore a cap of jetty black, with a
loop

loop and button of costly jewels, and a plume of three white feathers: his beautiful dark hair wanted over his lovely countenance, which, conscious of its beauty, was dressed in the most bewitching smiles. He sat seemingly inattentive to all but Ethelburga, with his arm hung over the back of her throne, and bending in graceful admiration over her beautiful figure.—Every eye rested on him with delight—Prince Arthur openly expressed his thoughts; but it could not be denied, of all that were present, none seemed so insensible to his admiration, his love, and his beautiful appearance, as the object of his passion: her manner was friendly and affectionate, but collected and calm even to indifference; and the beauties around whispered, that Fitz Alwy was a lover deserving of a more warm return, than that of friendship, or Platonic love.

On seeing Sir Morcar, the Baron startled up, and attended him to an elevated seat:

seat: Edwin joined Stanley, who had a table prepared for them at the back of Ethelburga's throne; and to dissipate the agitation that had arisen on his mind by the view of Ethelburga, he took her little page, his favourite Oswy, on his knee, and playfully trifled with the charming boy.

Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose sat by them at the table, but they were effectually prevented having any conversation by the presence of Lord Dunduthno, Sir Carlovin du Lake, Sir Durant Fitz Osburne, Sir Guy Fitz Piers, and Sir John de St. John, Sir Ferdinand Montboucheir, and Sir Lewellen ap Maur; to which may be added Sir Edwert de Dunstaville. These gentlemen were either waiting on their Lords, or seated at the table with them: in Sir Lewellen, Edwin recognized that hasty good-natured knight, whom he had so gallantly overcome at Wolfnorth, and who now with the greatest good-humour imaginable pledged him often in the sparkling cup:

Lord

Lord Dunduthno claimed an old acquaintance with De Montague ; and these young men would have been quite happy together, had not the presence of Sir Guy, Sir John, and Sir Durant, who were ever watchful, checked their open sallies of wit. Edwin and Stanley were seated outside next to Ethelburga, and next to them Mont Rose, and De Dunstaville, who was as amiable and valiant as any noble in the hall.

Edwin remarked Ethelburga whisper to Augustine ; they were evidently interested by some event, which passed a little lower, on the left hand side of the table : Edwin followed their glances, and perceived the object of their attention was Eva, the Lady Fitz William, who sat in evident distress, by some untoward accident, between the Percy and Fitz Godwin ; whilst her Lord was unable to assist her, save by endeavouring to awe by his looks, the impassioned conduct of the Percy, who was seated

on

on the opposite side of the table by Lady Fitz Albin and Lord Roslyn; this noble endeavouring to engage him in conversation, or smiling at his evident uneasiness, on account of the situation of his embarrassed Eva, who cast on him looks of persecuted love, and inflamed the Northumbrian tyger by her cold disdain. Fitz Alwy, remarking that Ethelburga was distressed for her, endeavoured to check by his significant glances the impetuosity of the Percy; but he now, heated with wine and inflamed with love, distressed her by declarations of passion and his determination to possess her hand; and as this appeared a threat against the life of her Lord, it agitated her to such a degree that Ethelburga feared for her health; while the considerate Fitz William, more solicitous for his Eva than to give vent to his anger, avoided seriously noticing the Percy's conduct, that he might not add to her distress.

The

The bards and minstrels made the hall echo with the sweet tones of their harps ; they first paid the tribute of honour to the Prince of Wales, they told him of his deeds in war, they told him where his father fell ! his noble race of iron shields, the bold and far-famed dwellers of the mountains !—Arthur hung down his beauteous head, as the deeds of his father echoed through the hall ; he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and the form of his noble father was reflected to his mind ; he sighed, and Ethelburga hailed the tear of filial piety that glistened in his eye. Her intelligent countenance was not unremarked by the young Mont Eagle ; he understood not the pure sentiments which had arisen in her heart, in these emotions of approving pity he saw only that the grief of Arthur was observed with tender feeling, his countenance glowed with the animated blood that rushed from his heart, he looked and frowned upon his royal guest. Ha-
E 5
rold,

rold, the brave knight of Penrith, was seated next to the young Prince ; he observed the emotions of the Baron, and was offended at the frown which clouded his brow.

The minstrels now ceased the tribute to Arthur's illustrious family, and then with one accord struck aloud an expressive symphony, and sung the conquests of the house of Falconberg ; but scarcely ever was it sung unjoined by that of their young Baron.

Sir Philip's spirits seemed sadly overcast ; his eyes were riveted on the well-known hall, the banners, and the suits of mail, while his heart dwelt with painful energy upon the memory of Lord Osmond ; a faint smile of tender affection passed over his features, as he frequently saw his anxious Ethelburga solicitously regarding him ; but it soon passed away, and was succeeded by a look of poignant melancholy. Sir Morcar was not in his usual spirits,

spirits, but oft regarded his fair cousin with looks of pity and anxiety, which were not unobserved by Fitz Alwy, or inwardly unresented.

At length the feast was dismissed ; Sir Morcar followed Sir Philip for a few moments to his chamber, where he told him of the relation of Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, concerning Lord Hontercombe and Sir Bevis being yet in the Castle ; which Sir Philip heard with painful silence : and when Edwin entered, as usual, for the commands of his relative before he retired to his bed, he found him weeping.

‘ O my Edwin ! ’ (cried Sir Philip dissolved in tears, as he tenderly pressed the hand of the youth, who affectionately implored him to disclose the cause of his grief),
 ‘ my heart bleeds at once from a recollection of the past, and anxieties for the
 ‘ future.—In this very room have I seen
 ‘ them sit, in this very seat, Osmond and
 ‘ his Editha ! I have heard the tongue
 ‘ of

‘ of their affection, fondly seeking to out-
 ‘ vie each other in declarations of fond-
 ‘ ness:—For, O Edwin! nothing could
 ‘ be more noble than the form of Osmond,
 ‘ nothing so lovely as that of Editha;
 ‘ nothing so virtuous, so tender, so faith-
 ‘ ful, so just’

He ceased, overcome by his emotions,
 and as he ceased they were both sensible
 of a *long-drawn sigh*, which murmured
 through the room. Edwin started up, and
 examined his dressing-rooms and oratory;
 no one however appeared.

‘ You are depressed, Sir Philip, with me-
 ‘ lancholy reflections; every fibre of your
 ‘ heart already trembles with regret and
 ‘ tenderness; do not remain alone, permit
 ‘ me to stay with you to-night—only to-
 ‘ night! Sir Philip, do not deny me, for
 ‘ I am too anxious, to leave you.—In this
 ‘ dressing-room I will make my couch;
 ‘ where can I be better?—’

‘ No, my affectionate youth, I cannot
 ‘ admit

‘ admit of your attendance : indeed, my
 ‘ Edwin, solitude, is the best nurse for a
 ‘ soul tremulous as mine :—to-morrow I
 ‘ trust I shall be well ; go, Edwin, to your
 ‘ bed.’

Edwin sighed, as he took his quivering lamp, yet he hesitated to leave Sir Philip : he loitered about him from a thousand pretences, nor tore himself away until the Warden again embraced him, and with a sickly smile bade him depart.

When Fitz Aubrey found himself alone, he flung his listless limbs upon the couch, and gave way to all the deluge of his grief.

‘ Alas, my lovely, my beloved Ethel-
 ‘ burga !—Oh, may you sleep in undis-
 ‘ turbed repose, the sweet attendant upon
 ‘ innocence like thine ! unconscious of the
 ‘ waking bosoms which bleed, how keenly
 ‘ bleed, for your sake ! - - - Heavens !—
 ‘ is the happiness of Ethelburga doubtful ?
 ‘ —That lovely flower that I have reared
 ‘ with

‘ with so much tenderness ! which I have
 ‘ watched over with so much painful anxi-
 ‘ ety, and which now opens to the blaze
 ‘ of day, all-beauteous and all-perfect as it
 ‘ is !’ - - - - - (He clasped his hands and
 raised his dark eyes to Heaven, half-bended
 on his knee.) ‘ O Fitz Alwy !’ (he cried
 in a voice tremulous from the energy of
 his feelings,) ‘ I pray the mighty God who
 ‘ sees the secret source of all our actions,
 ‘ that if the influence of bad example
 ‘ should have tainted the pure virtues which
 ‘ flow in the current of your blood, that
 ‘ in seeing the goodness of my Ethelburga,
 ‘ in pressing her to your bosom, those vices,
 ‘ frightened by the union of so much virtue,
 ‘ may abandon your breast, and give place
 ‘ to all the beneficent virtues of your fa-
 ‘ ther !’ - - - - - And having uttered this
 urgent prayer, he once more sunk into an
 agony of tears.

No one could have viewed the figure of
 Fitz Aubrey, unmoved by compassion ;

no

no one could have been acquainted with his character without the utmost surprise and admiration. He had been a father, a protector, an adviser, and a brother to Ethelburga ; he had watched the dawning beauties of her mind, to guide each feeling as it appeared into the path of virtue ; he had guarded and cherished this lovely plant from each blast of the unruly storm ; he had formed a creature in his mind all-perfect, and he prepared to yield it up to that husband destined by her father to her arms.

He had taken upon himself the character of age, while yet the glowing feelings, while yet the blooming graces of youth adorned his person and inspired his heart ; he had sacrificed all the years of his maturity, to fulfil the task of father in solitude and retirement, to the daughter of his departed friend : laurels waited to ennoble him, he heeded them not ;—the heart, which once throbbed tumultuously
to

to feelings of glory and renown, now forgot the sound of the trumpet, in the duties of the preceptor ; he had sacrificed all this to fulfill the task of gratitude and friendship ; and most religiously had he fulfilled it !

The figure of Fitz Aubrey was of the middle size, it was finely formed, and possessed an air of commanding dignity which was seconded by his voice, which, though of the sweetest key, possessed an expression that shewed that he would be obeyed :—he could strike awe into the bosoms of the guilty and cheer the faint-hearted with the commendations of praise. His language was eloquent, but it was the eloquence of sense and reason, unadorned by the ornaments of art or study ; and his opinions somewhat severe, which he had acquired from the habit of self-denial he practised, had subdued his passions ; his heart was tenderly, nay painfully alive to the feelings
of

of regret and affection, and the greatness of his mind was o'ercast by one single weakness, that of superstition. His eyes were dark, full, and expressive, they were soft and mild in their glances, but his dark though not bushy brow was slightly contracted by thought and unavailing grief. Dark was his hair, slightly curling, but unarranged, and left to the hand of nature—or, if arranged, in a manner far too old for his years. His features were remarkably handsome, and possessed at once softness and dignity! a placid smile (which however had much of melancholy in it) adorned his lips: his countenance was pale, but not ghastly, and his manner generally absent or thoughtful, but when aroused, neither sullen or morose.

He was two and thirty years of age, and although the eye of a minute observer would perceive the graces of youth yet lingered in full bloom around his person, he had by neglect, or perhaps *intention*, and
the

the gravity of his manners, given himself the appearance of a much older man. Ethelburga returned all his tenderness with the fondest affection ; she loved him far better than all the world, and would willingly have lived and died under his paternal care ; oft would she fling herself into his embrace, and as she felt his arms tremble around her—as she felt the throbbing of his honourable heart—she would smile sweetly in his face, and tenderly say—‘ Ah, my friend, my father ! you fear your Ethelburga will not be all you wish.’

The noble Warden now felt his exalted soul heave by the most powerful emotions, —high beat his upright heart, and he felt, although a divine enthusiastic virtue ruled each action, that when he gazed on Ethelburga and felt doubtful of her happiness, he was more than half a mortal.—

Long he remained in painful thought, reclining upon the arm of his chair :—at length he arose, he folded his arms
within

within his purple mantle, and approached the window. The night was calm but dreary, the moon was obscured by clouds, which by degrees dispersing, uncovered for awhile her silver light, but was quickly succeeded by other vapours more dense than the last. The soft breezes drove the blue mists across the moor below, where ever and anon a treacherous light danced along the marshy ground; he leaned pensive and almost calm against the heavy cornice of the window; a sigh seemed to envelope him, he heeded it not, for he imagined it the breeze from the gently waving trees;—another sigh more deep than the first struck upon his ear, he started and looked around, the room seemed blue and misty; but he heeded it not.

Now the loud clock told from the lofty chapel-tower, the midnight hour—its sonorous tones awakened the rocks of Mont Eagle to an hundred echoes, and struck upon the heart of Fitz Aubrey as the bell
of

of death!—but no sooner had its echoes died away, then wild and mystic shrieks burst from the wood, the raven flapped its wings—the windows clapped—the doors rattled in conjunction, and the moon was totally obscured by clouds—groans seemed to come in every passing blast—his noble heart panted with agitation, but was untouched by fear. A groan more lengthened, more heart-rending than the last crossed beneath his window, and a misty figure now seemed to come in the descending clouds; the moon shot a sudden and a brilliant ray—it was the form of Editha! enrobed in clouds glittering with the stars of night!———for a moment it was seen—then vanished in the breezes of the night.

‘O Editha!’ he said, and outspread his arms; a deluge of tears relieved his oppressed heart; he flung himself on a seat by the window, hoping to see the form again :

again: the storm seemed to arise, the screech-owl's horrid scream alone was heard.

'Doth my Ethelburga sleep?'—he softly murmured, when a sigh swept across the room; he cast his eyes around—but what was his astonishment, when approaching with noiseless footsteps he saw the phantom of his departed friend and master, Fitz Alwy!—pale was his shadowy form,—his hair flew loosely over his brow, a tear was in his eye, a sigh seemed half-silent in his breast, mournfully he looked on the hero, who out-stretched his arms to the ghost of his friend—but the shadow alone met his embrace.

'My Fitz Alwy! my long-lost friend!
'oh welcome, welcome to my sight.'- - -
The vision gazed mournfully on him, it pointed to a deep wound in its temple- - - -
'Alas! how can I avenge thee?' (said the sorrowing knight) 'the author of thy injuries is no more!'

The

The vision looked on him with pity; he approached and crossed the room, Fitz Aubrey in reverence drew back—a part of the arras lifted of itself and disclosed a portal—it was open—the vision beckoning Sir Philip passed through it. A light seemed to surround it, which illumined the stairs as he passed.—Fitz Aubrey trembling with anxiety followed him in rapt attention—onward the wandering ghost proceeded, and beckoned as it went. It had descended the stairs, and now pursued its way along a low dark passage, and then ascending a flight of steps, presently arrived at a door, it stopped and turning frowned upon Sir Philip—he shuddered—eloquence was dumb. The door opened, and he entered a superb bed-chamber; it was illumined by a magnificent silver lamp suspended from the ceiling; on a bed of gaudy magnificence, reposing in calm slumber lay—Fitz Alwy!! The vision approached the bed with a ghastly frown; it

it stood leaning over the sleeping Baron, a groan appeared to burst its shadowy bosom—it disturbed not Fitz Alwy—while Fitz Aubrey, frozen by the unintelligible scene before him, stood in silence, amazed, confounded.—Presently the vision (who was dressed in the same armour as when the terrible murder was committed) hung o'er the sleeping Baron, pointed to its wound, ghastly and deep, and while it pointed, the blood flowed forth.—Fitz Aubrey shuddered—but his tongue was chained. The ghost blessed not his son, black melancholy frowns seemed to sit upon his brow, and he cast on him furious and angry glances, then closed the curtain and departed. Sir Philip followed him, he returned through the little portal; and descended after him the staircase; once more finding himself in the still lonely passages under the Castle, he exclaimed in a voice almost smothered by affliction——

‘ Fitz

‘Fitz Alwy! my friend—my dear departed Lord! how have I offended thee?’—

The pale ghost turned, and gave to Sir Philip a melancholy smile; tears, transparent and illumined tears, like drops of liquid fire, trickled down its heaving bosom, as it slowly passed on: at last it arrived at the foot of a winding staircase, which it ascended, when opening a low door, Sir Philip found himself in the private gallery that surrounded the chapel: it passed on, and entered King Henry’s long gallery; at last, arriving at a door on the left, it halted; and turning to Sir Philip, he perceived the spirit’s countenance more frowning than before—grief was succeeded by fury and resentment, he waved his arm in air, and entered the room; Sir Philip followed.—A spacious bed presented itself to his eyes, it was of the most magnificent tapestry, a lamp was burning on the table, but its rays were faint

faint and murky : the curtains of the bed unclosed, and discovered the sleeping Huntercombe !!

Fitz Aubrey started, he clasped his hand on his sword, involuntarily he drew its glittering blade ; the ghost of Osmond now groaned in very agony, he looked on Ithona with gloomy frowns of deadly hate.

‘ Alas, my poor friend ! ’ (exclaimed Sir Philip, whose thoughts were dark and bloody,) ‘ thou shalt not be unrevenged ! ’

‘ Awake ! murderer, awake ! awake, monstrous Ithona ! The spirit of the dead calls for vengeance ! in his presence awake and defend thyself, for thy hour is come ! ! ’ —

The voice of Fitz Aubrey was loud, while he rudely shook the bed-clothes, and awakened Ithona ; the spirit of Alwy was around him : quickly Ithona started from his sleep ; he looked wildly round ; the spirit of Fitz Alwy met his gaze ! he

shrieked, and swooned away. Sir Philip stood brandishing over him his sword, hesitating whether to plunge it in his heart; revenge for the injured Osmond fired his soul—but honour still withheld the blow, and he loudly called upon Ithona, to revive and defend himself—in vain: the vision of Fitz Alwy stood smiling by, but he motioned to Fitz Aubrey to withhold his arm; the darkness of his face was gone, but in his eyes shone still the flame of death. He departed, beckoning Sir Philip, and left Ithona senseless on the floor.

He went not far, however, for arriving at another door, he entered a room not less splendid than the last, where lay De Wilton. He too slept; but in his hand he held a dagger; his slumbers seemed restless and disturbed, and starts of fear agitated his soul—a suit of *sable armour* lay by his bed.—Terrible was the glance of the misty hero, as with folded arms he stood over De Wilton—he looked dark and silent, and

Sir

Sir Philip saw a tear big and transparent roll down his breast. His countenance was now more distinct; pale were its beautiful features; unfelt breezes seemed to move his hair, which shaded the appalling light of his awful eyes. Fitz Aubrey would have awakened De Wilton, but the poor ghost shook his head; it raised its portending eyes to God! a deep and laboured groan enveloped it; then, turning to Sir Philip, he cast on him a piteous, pitying glance, and glided from the chamber.

Sir Philip still lingered, he wished to put a period to the monster's crimes; but the vision seeming to read his inmost thoughts, mournfully uttered in slow and solemn tones,

'THE DAY IS NOT ARRIVED——AS YET
THEY MUST NOT BLEED!'

Sir Philip obeyed, and silently proceeded.

He now passed on mechanically, for his soul was absorbed by mysterious and con-

fused ideas; the long presence of his beloved master, without the possibility of approaching him, nay, even of conversing with him, pierced his soul with maddening sensations—he could not believe himself awake, and passed on uncertain of his steps; but he now found himself descending into the vaults below: dark, damp, and cold was the air that surrounded him; and the shadowy form he followed, (which glided along with noiseless footsteps,) faintly illumined the wall with its pale blue light. At last they entered a spacious vault; here the spirit hesitated, and pointed to a rusty staple in the floor: Sir Philip, who felt impelled by superhuman energies, lifted with force a huge stone, and beneath it he discovered a chest; this, with some difficulty, he opened,—a putrid stench issued from it,—he started back; again impelled by the looks of the vision, he unfolded a sumptuous mantle—and discovered the decayed carcase of a woman, who appeared to
have

have been young, a dagger stuck even now in her heart!!—With frenzied desperation he fixed his eyes upon the hilt of the dagger—it bore the *Eagle*! - - - - Shuddering, he let the body fall, and staggered to the wall: a mist came over his sight,—for some moments he remained immovable.

The vision was stationary, regarding him with looks of tenderness and pity; at last it moved on; Sir Philip tottered afterwards; he now felt quite exhausted, his mind was o'erprest, his heart bursting, and he was surprised at his own capability of following the melancholy spirit. A sudden freshness in the air revived him, when looking round, he found himself in the chapel; at the further end burnt the tapers before the shrine of St. Augustine, which illuminated a vast and sumptuous monument, it seemed not long erected: a ghastly smile sat on the countenance of the ghost of Osmond, as he pointed with a misty hand

hand to the following inscription, which, as he touched it, to the horror of Sir Philip, turned red as blood—

**This Monument is erected to
the Memory of
Osmond,
Baron Fitz Alwy of Mont Eagle;
and
Editha, his Wife;
as a tribute
of
Sorrow and Regret;
by
His afflicted Brother
Leofwin, Lord Fitz Arnulph,
and
Baron Fitz Alwy of Mont Eagle.**

Fitz Aubrey rested on the hilt of his sword, as he read this inscription.

‘ Oh monstrous deed ! ’—he faintly exclaimed—when, the vision again pointing to

to his temple, a wide stream of blood issued forth, and Sir Philip was obliged to lean for support against the shrine of St. Augustine: the clock now loudly struck three ! it echoed along the vaulted chapel roof—how awful were its murmurs ! The heart of Fitz Aubrey throbbed as if it would leave his bosom, and he faintly followed the awful wanderer as he ascended a long flight of steps. Fitz Aubrey was now totally overcome, he could scarcely drag his feeble limbs after him, his manner was wild and confused : he still however followed the vision, unknowing whither it led—until he entered a sumptuous suite of rooms, and approaching a crimson bed with superb hangings, he beckoned to Fitz Aubrey, who started back with amazement, as he viewed the sleeping Ethelburga ! !—The vision leant over her—Fitz Aubrey was alarmed—his adored child might awake, and what would be her feelings at so strange a scene ! Gracefully reclined
lay

lay the sleeping beauty : nature fashioned her every motion with a grace and dignity, that art and study vainly strive to imitate ; her arm was on her pillow, on which her glowing cheek rested, and a smile of innocence played around her half-closed lips.—

The vision leant over her ; Fitz Aubrey was alarmed again ; but it now looked upon him with a sorrowing countenance, then turning its awful eyes to God, cried in hollow tones,—

‘ Oh save her ! save her for *my son* !’—and at once a whirlwind seemed to rush along the chamber, and the spirit vanished into air.

Sir Philip, overcome, exhausted, and horror-struck, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the bed of Ethelburga.

The lovely Baroness, awakened by the fall of Fitz Aubrey, started from her bed, and uttered a loud scream as she saw his figure pale and lifeless.—She
took

took his hand, it was cold ; his face was ghastly, and his eyes closed as if in death. Ethelburga would have called for assistance ; but at first terror compelled her silence ; afterwards reflection told her it would not be prudent, until she knew the cause of her dear friend's strange appearance. Soon as she found strength, she started from her bed, and flinging on her robe flew to Fitz Aubrey : he was yet senseless, and the trembling girl, alarmed at his appearance, threw herself beside him, after many useless attempts to revive him, and deluged him with tears. She rested his head upon her bosom, and chafed his temples ; a deep sigh from him told symptoms of hope to her heart.—

‘ Oh Fitz Aubrey ! Fitz Aubrey ! ’ (she cried,) ‘ revive, and bless your Ethelburga with the cheering sound of your beloved voice ; oh ! unclosethose eyes, and look once more on me, my more than parent ! ’

Tears choked her utterance ; she press-

ed him in her arms ; she kissed off the tears which yet remained on his pale cheek, and removed his dishevelled hair from his ghastly but noble countenance.

‘ Revive, my Fitz Aubrey!’ she cried, while a flood of tears flowed down her cheeks ; Fitz Aubrey recovered ! he heard her soft voice pronounce his name, he felt her innocent caresses.—

‘ My love ! my Ethelburga !’——he faintly murmured as he opened his heavy eyes ; she pressed him to her breast, and bade him live. Oh ! how the heart of Fitz Aubrey bounded in his bosom, when he felt her warm, her soothing attentions ; he returned the pressure of the lovely maid, and faintly murmured—

‘ Oh my love ! my child ! fear not for me,—your affection has made me blest ‘indeed.’ He gazed on her tears for the first time with delight, they told so sweet a confirmation of her love for him. He gradually recovered ; she placed him on her
her

her bed, she still chafed his temples, and pressed her lips to his pale forehead.

‘Almighty God!’ exclaimed Sir Philip, in a deluge of agony and delight; he pressed her hand to his heart, and wept like an infant.

‘Oh Fitz Aubrey! how came you here? I awoke not my attendants, for I know not the purport of your visit.’—

‘Oh no, no, no,’—(cried Sir Philip in agony of alarm, for Ethelhurga’s sake, in the recollection of his strange situation, at so strange an hour.) ‘Oh my Ethelburga! be secret as the grave,—tell to none my strange appearance,—oh no! who would believe the events of this night?—My darling, I must be gone.’—He attempted to stagger from the room—the effort was useless, he sunk down.

‘Heaven support my frame!’ cried the Warden in despair, as he felt his weakened sinews nerveless.

‘Be

‘ Be ye not hasty, my dearest Fitz Aubrey ! all are hushed in slumber—you are pale again ;—what moves your agitated soul so sensibly ?

Fitz Aubrey was going ; he kissed her supplicating hands, he bathed them with his tears—unintelligible murmurs alone replied to her.

‘ O God ! grant me strength,’ he at length pronounced ; he gazed on her with a melancholy despair. Ethelburga, alarmed at his wild glances, brought him some water ; she put it to his trembling lips ; he revived, and wept upon her bosom—in haste he arose : strength once more braced his limbs, joy illumined his pale countenance, he knelt at Ethelburga’s feet, and pronounced—

‘ Bless you, my child, for all these testimonies of your affection !—Lovely innocent ! how am I repaid for all my sufferings ! You love me, Ethelburga ! you wept for me !——O God !’

He

He hurried from her, she stopped him to embrace him, he pressed her to his heart once more! then murmured—

‘Unnerve me not, Ethelburga! I cannot---I cannot bear your tenderness!—oh my child,’ (he continued, assuming a grave collected air,) ‘be silent as the grave.’

‘Religiously so’—she said, as the door shut him from her sight; and Fitz Aubrey, whose bosom was the seat of contending notions ill, faint and overcome, staggered to his bed.

Chap. IV.

As an hundred hammers rang their swords on the red iron of the furnace, so rose, so rang their swords ! Gaul rushed on like a whirlwind on Arden. The destruction of heroes in his sword—Swaren was like the fire of the desert, in the echoing hall of Gornal.

Osian.

ETHELBURGA, when her guardian departed, reflected for some time upon his strange appearance ; but calm and innocent as she was, she could not understand the scene, and happy at the restoration of his health, sunk again into repose.

When Edwin attended Sir Philip in the morning, he was surprised to find him yet sleeping ; he lay upon his bed in a disordered attitude, part of his clothes yet upon him, the rest thrown on the floor together, with his sword, which was unsheathed ;

his

his looks were pale and haggard, his hair was dishevelled, and tears rested on his cheek.

De Montaguë, struck with concern, leaned over him ; he took his fevered hand, the motion seem to have disturbed him, for half starting from his bed, he cried in a voice stifled with agony :—

‘ Save—oh save my Ethelburga !’ then awaking, he gazed round him in surprise.

‘ My dear Sir Philip !’ (said the tender Edwin), ‘ was it for this that you obliged me to depart last night ? Was it to indulge in all the agony of your afflicted mind, unattended ?—Alas, Sir ! do you think your existence, your health, your happiness, so indifferent to your friends ? Ah, Sir, do not you know that you are the soul of the unfortunate ?—We always pray for your felicity—you are the Father of the afflicted ! how can it be that *you* should feel such anguish ?’—

Sir Philip began to recollect himself, he pressed

pressed his hand to his forehead :—‘ Oh Edwin !’ (he said) ‘ I have passed such a night ! such horrors ! such remembrances !’—There was a wildness about Fitz Aubrey which alarmed De Montague ; he gazed earnestly upon his face, and marked with deep regret his hollow sunken eye.

‘ You are too ill to rise, Sir—permit me to send the holy Father of the Castle to you ; you need the assistance of medicine.’

‘ No, Edwin ! no !—my malady is here !’ (pressing his hand upon his breast),—‘ Last night, the most horrible events occurred ; I cannot further rack my heart now, by repeating them ;—but, oh Edwin ! ’twould harrow up your soul !—’twould—but I must rise ; the air and change of scene will do me good.’

‘ You will not engage to-day, Sir,’ said Edwin.

‘ No, De Montague ; I am weak, weak

‘and nerveless.’ He arose, and the young knight departed.

When Sir Philip was alone, he fell into pensive reflection : the most important object in his mind was to explain to Ethelburga the strange events of the preceding night : he could not appall her young mind by recounting the whole of his mystic adventures ; but as she shared with him all his feelings of superstition, he determined to tell her, that he had seen the spirit of Fitz Alwy. The superstition of the young Baroness and her guardian, was not that of a timid or a fearful heart ; it was a belief founded on the principle, that all things were possible, and religion making the idea of spirits and marvelous events familiar to them, they regarded a supernatural agency with awe unmixed by terror. He therefore hastened to dress himself, and sent his little son, young Oswy, to request from Ethelburga a few moments private conversation.

When

When he entered, she flew to him and tenderly hung round him, and inquired how he was: at sight of her, all his feelings became agitated, the recollection of her tenderness rushed in full force upon his mind, and for some moments deprived him of the power of speech. She now eagerly demanded the manner he had entered her chamber; and he tenderly taking her hand, described to her his feelings on the first appearance of the spirit of Fitz Alwy; but he then merely told her, that the apparition having beckoned him from his apartment, in attempting to follow it, he had got bewildered in the intricacies of the Castle, and when completely exhausted found himself in her room.

Ethelburga listened with awe and silent attention; but, as she remarked the horrors that shook his frame, and his apparent anxiety to dismiss the subject, she perceived that some dreadful circumstance yet remained untold; but as she had ever
bowed

bowed to his will, she avoided remarking to him her suspicions. Oft had he conversed with her concerning the intercourse of spirits with this nether world, he had even described to her the spirit of Osmond; which had appeared in the hall of Wolf-north, to her father, on the night of his murder; he had spoken of it with tears, with the deepest emotions, but it was divested of that terrific anguish, which had moved his soul on the preceding night.

They were now, however, obliged to proceed to the Tournament Court, where a brilliant and numerous assembly awaited them. Sir Philip endeavoured as much as possible to conceal his illness and languor; but Fitz Alwy seemed to remark it with peculiar sensations, and his manner was grave and thoughtful. Soon, however, was he roused to action, for, having yielded the first day to his guests, *on this* he determined to shew his own prowess and valour: gracefully he knelt at the feet
of

of Ethelburga ere he departed for the lists.

‘ Bestow on me, dearest of women, your
 ‘ smiles of approbation, I go to proclaim
 ‘ you through the world unequalled ! pray
 ‘ that the valour of my arm may conquer :
 ‘ though instigated by the feelings of my
 ‘ enamoured heart, I despair not of suc-
 ‘ cess !’

He arose, and casting on the Baroness an expressive glance, sprung upon his fiery steed.

The heralds loudly and pompously proclaimed his name, his titles, and challenge to the court. Four heralds in crimson, blue and white, mounted on black steeds, replied to his challenge, and to the astonishment of the Falconbergs, from Lord Malcolm of Inistore, and his noble and gigantic form rushed into the ring on his immense war horse.

‘ He is come to revenge the defeat of
 ‘ his handsome cousin Dunthalmo,’ (said
 Sir

Sir Morcar,) 'I thought this would not be
' be forgotten by the noble young chief-
' tain.'

'Why did he not come with us?' (said
Ethelburga) — 'I pressed him often.'

'Ah, my fair cousin, you know not
' the inveteracy which exists between the
' Baron and these chieftains! which Dun-
' thalmo's long confinement has not les-
' sened,—and when he recovers, I foresee
' some outrageous combats.'

'Heaven forbid!'---exclaimed Ethel-
burga.

'Is the gallant Ardven of Dunthalmo
' ill?' inquired Prince Arthur.

'He is, I am sorry to say, confined at
' Wolfnorth,' replied Ethelburga.

'Ho! Harold!---(called aloud the an-
xious Prince,) 'remember that my steeds
' are ready, on the first day after these
' jousts are over, to go to Wolfnorth.—
' Ardven, the gallant Ardven, must not
' suffer

‘suffer unconsolated by the attentions of his
‘Arthur.’

‘Happy shall I be, my Prince, to be
‘honoured with your stay at Wolfnorth,’---
said Ethelburga, bowing gracefully to
Prince Arthur: ‘and you, Sir Philip,
‘will order apartments to be prepared for
‘the Prince.’---

‘I shall be delighted to prepare for the
‘honour of his presence,’ returned the
Warden, respectfully saluting him.

Arthur, as he regarded Ethelburga, unrestrained by the presence of Fitz Alwy, cast upon her looks of passionate and tender expression.

‘I fear, too lovely Baroness, that I shall
‘pay dearly for this rash indulgence!’---
whispered he,---when deeply sighing, he
leaned back on his throne.

The noble combatants furiously assailed
each other, and shivered their lances into
atoms.---Again the God of Battles seemed
to

to hover around them, indecisive which should gain the envied victory ; but Fitz Alwy, *this* day at least, seemed determined not to yield, and he vanquished his noble and gallant opponent with a graceful air.

The Lord de Lucy next appeared, an elegant, and not ignoble adversary ; his countenance glowed with ardour and animation. The old Baron de Warrenne, who had been conversing with Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, now placed himself in Fitz Alwy's seat by Ethelburga, and addressed her in a low voice.

‘ Sir Morcar de Mowbray has been
 ‘ anxiously soliciting me, to bestow upon
 ‘ him the hand of my Adela immediately.---
 ‘ I am now growing old, and it would be
 ‘ the delight of my heart, to see my chil-
 ‘ dren settled before I die ; my child’s
 ‘ good fortune, in having gained the af-
 ‘ fection of the noble and valiant De Mow-
 ‘ bray, is a solace to my old age, which I
 ‘ never

' never expected: *I*, therefore, shall no
 ' oppose their hasty nuptials; they shall be
 ' celebrated, I am determined, in the most
 ' splendid manner.---I have caused to be
 ' proclaimed throughout the north, the
 ' opening of my court; to which I have
 ' invited every Knight and Noble, far and
 ' near; my gallant son-in-law, I am per-
 ' suaded, will bear away the palm of victory;
 ' oh, 'tis glorious to wed my child to such
 ' a knight!--

Ethelburga smiled at his enthusiasm.---

' Morcar,' (she said), ' is happy in having
 ' made an impression upon the affectionate
 ' heart of the lovely Adela; I shall second
 ' his solicitations for you to hasten their
 ' nuptials; I have obtained from them a
 ' promise, that for some time after, they
 ' will reside at Wolfnorth,---and their mar-
 ' riage will not be single, for Stanley has
 ' importuned me to prevail on Augustine,
 ' to bestow on him her hand, on the same
 ' day. How happy I shall be in their so-
 ' ciety!

'ciety ! when does your tournament commence ?'—

'On St. Michael's day ; that is, six days from hence ; you, my dear Ethelburga, will perhaps come to me before.'—

'I would ; but Prince Arthur is going to Wolfnorth for a night or two : I suppose I may bring him with me ?'—

'Oh glorious ! glorious !' (exclaimed the enraptured Baron,) 'he will take the description of my court into Wales with him.'—And, unable to restrain his delight, he set off in pursuit of his son.

Ethelburga, in a few words, explained to the Prince, the nature of the festival at Elfworld ;---the marriage of her cousin and young Stanley ;—pictured the worthy character of the Baron, his love of arms, and invited the Prince to go with her.

He immediately declared, that he should be delighted to attend the ~~marriage~~, and, in the rapture of the old Baron, presented the honour of giving away the ~~bride~~ to her

enamoured Knights, and breaking a lance in their service. Nothing could equal the delight of the old Chieftain, and nothing would have taken away from that delight, but the defeat of Lord de Lucy, who lay for a moment senseless in the ring.

‘Certainly,’ (said Morcar, as he approached,) ‘Fitz Alwy is unequalled in his skill in arms! I never saw his fellow.’—

‘He is wonderful!’ (said Sir Philip.) De Warrenne frowned, and walked off with Sir Vortimer.

Fitz Alwy seemed determined to be unconquerable this day,---for he subdued the Percy and Lord Roslyn, and then retired to rest for awhile. Prince Arthur was astonished, he had never seen so accomplished a knight, and was determined to encounter him before the day closed.

A Knight now appeared in the ring, who had been affectionately attentive to Lord de Lucy,—whose heralds announced him by the name of Sir Felix de Lucy: he
was

was a slight young man, in silver and steel armour; he had a beautiful, and exquisitely delicate countenance; he wore a cloak of white silk, embroidered with gold, and a plume of white feathers graced his casque; on his breast-plate was a curious device—a bleeding heart, in which were two gold larks, hid in it to the feathers; the heart was in flames, and a small flame issued from the top of it, underneath was this motto, ‘*Improbe amor! quid non mortalia pectora cogis!*’---The same device was on his silver buckler. He rode a slight black horse, and held his lance with an inimitable grace; his blue eyes he cast around the ring in search of his opponent, his yellow hair flew loosely to the breeze. Adela smiled as he approached, and whispered to Augustine---

‘Where is Sir Felix sprung from?’---

‘Oh!’ (replied Augustine laughing,) ‘there is proof enough, by a few knights I see here, that our Rosalie is coming back.’

(Then turning to Ethelburga,) ‘Yon Knight
 ‘ is a suitor of Lord de Warrenne’s youngest
 ‘ daughter.—I wish you knew her, you
 ‘ would admire and love her : but she is
 ‘ heartless to these sighing knights beyond
 ‘ comparsion ; Sir Felix de Lucy, and Sir
 ‘ Norbert Mandeville who now enters the
 ‘ area, have been constantly breaking
 ‘ spears for her these two years.---She is
 ‘ very young, and has been on a visit to
 ‘ the Countess Ermengarda, where there
 ‘ are two most elegant youths, her cousins.
 ‘ These young knights followed her to the
 ‘ south, and as she is now upon her return
 ‘ to Elfwold with the Countess and the
 ‘ knights of Mont Real they have also
 ‘ made their appearance ; but, alas ! poor
 ‘ youths ! I know Rosalie has no affec-
 ‘ tion for either of them.—There *is* a
 ‘ youth whom I am keenly interested for,
 ‘ for I really believe he loves her so dearly,
 ‘ that if he does not win her, his life will
 ‘ be the forfeit.---He remains with her: I
 ‘ will

‘ will not now relate the history of the gallant Oscar ; but when you see him, his appearance will make you anxious to know more.’

Ethelburga turned her eyes upon Sir Norbert Mandeville: his appearance was striking ; he was not regularly handsome, but his countenance was dignified and expressive ; he was tall and sallow, his hair and eyes jet black, with a high arched Roman nose : he was of an ancient Melisian family, and bore an admirable coat of arms, paly, gules and sable, with an azure bend, charged with three escallop shells of fine gold. He wore a suit of armour tinged with gold, and a beautiful belt of azure, embroidered with escallop shells of gold : on his helmet was his crest, a radial crown of gold, with three gules feathers. He rode a black horse, with red and black trappings, and made altogether an uncommon and handsome appearance.

De Lucy and he engaged like men who
well

well knew one another's mode of fighting, but at length De Lucy remained master of the court.

Lord de Morthemer's heralds proclaimed Sir Arnulf Fitz Morthemer. He was a youth of strong and muscular figure, remarkable, however, for nothing but being an able friend to his cousin, Lord de Morthemer. Stanley Fitz Aubrey encountered him, and with no complimentary salute ; for he had endeavoured to make good his case with Sir Eliss D'Aubigny, to whom he preferred his suit, demanding the hand of Augustine, whom he assured conjointly with the Lord, his relative, that *he* was a more appropriate match. Stanley this day was most beautifully attired ; he had laid aside his scarf for a purple mantle, worked in golden fleurs-de-lis by the hand of his mistress, and on his helm, his golden lion's-head erased, with three white plumes. His countenance was a portrait of animated beauty ; his eyes spoke all the feelings of his

his soul, and he rushed upon Sir Arnulf with so much impetuosity, that in the third assault he threw him on the ground:

‘Famously done!’—cried Sir Morcar, who bore in his heart not a greater predilection for the name of De Morthemer, than Stanley: but now the brave Albert de Montfort, smiling, entered the ring; his armour was lozengy, argent and azure; so was his coat of arms: on his helm, he bore a white owl: he rode a light-grey horse, whose trappings were the wild martin’s skin. They charged with spears of fire, and each buckler received a violent assault: for some time, they kept up the combat with equal grace and good humour, but Stanley, encouraged by the glance of Augustine, plied his opponent with so much success, that De Montford — the brave De Montford, was obliged to yield! It was a conquest which every one envied him for.

Fitz Alwy appeared struggling with himself, whether to snatch the prize or not from

from the youthful hero; but courtesy withheld him, from what his ardent and ambitious spirit prompted him to do.

Sir Fingal Dunbardon next encountered Sir Stanley; he assailed Fitz Aubrey with more fury than skill, and the young Knight threw him in the dust.

Sir Tristram of Eagleburgh, cousin to Sir Fingal, seemed determined to revenge his overthrow. Stanley undauntedly assailed him; they fought like men in whom valour and judgment were united: but the Warden foretold, that his brother would gain the laurels of the day; and he prophesied faithfully.

Fitz Alwy arose, and adjudged him worthy of a prize, which he received, by the desire of Ethelburga, from the hand of Augustine D'Aubigny.

Fitz Alwy, anxious for conquest, once more arose; he vaulted on his steed with a triumphant smile, carelessly he awaited an opponent, and when he engaged one, he fought

fought with so careless and indifferent air, that an ignorant spectator would have imagined, that he engaged with some disabled chieftain; and yet his opponent was a knight famous throughout England for his prowess and valour: the best herald of his laurels, is to proclaim his name, recognized with reverence by the brave and generous,—it was Sir Eliss D'Aubigny; but Fitz Alwy, with the easiest grace imaginable, subdued the hero.

How could the Earl of Lanois, after such a defeat, have courage to encounter him?—yet he did so; and received the reward of his temerity.

Lord Henry Murray once more appeared, and the lovers of chivalry prepared themselves for a great treat, and they were not disappointed—for Fitz Alwy was obliged to emerge from his negligence; but when he did so, his arm was invulnerable. Admiration had given place, in the bosoms of the spectators, to astonishment: they sat

silently awaiting, to see how many more he chose to overcome.—Their curiosity was satisfied, by his overthrowing Albert de Montfort, and vanquishing Sir Henry of Rothes: when the brave Harold, Knight of Penrith, who had before received the prize of the last day, advanced to try with him his skill. The cheek of Prince Arthur flushed with agitation, for the first time he feared for his hero—portentous fears! Harold shared the same fate as his predecessors.

‘By Heavens!’ (exclaimed Sir Morcar)
 ‘Fitz Alwy in himself is victory or death,
 ‘opposed even to a thousand foes. Pardon
 ‘me, my Prince,’ (he said, as he viewed the
 disappointment which agitated his countenance,) ‘even *Harold* should not blush to
 ‘be vanquished by the arm of Fitz Alwy:
 ‘for myself, I candidly own, I value the
 ‘laurels I have won too highly, to run the
 ‘risk of having them tarnished, by rashly
 ‘opposing so powerful an adversary.’ ---
 ‘I value

' I value the honour of my friend, more
' dearly than I do my laurels,' exclaimed
Prince Arthur impetuously : and he called
for his horse, in order to engage the
Baron.

Fitz Alwy received him with a bow
and a smile ; the Prince returned his
salute ; but his smile was not unmixed with
anger ; their encounter had nothing of the
courtly in it. ' Chief mixes his strokes with
' chief, steel clanging sounds on steel :'
their horses soon panted with fatigue, and
their well-polished bits shone through the
flying foam. Prince Arthur fought like a
man determined to conquer : Sir Philip, in
his heart, hoped Fitz Alwy would not be
uncourtly ; but the Baron lost, in the heat
of victory, the recollection that he was his
guest ; he forced him to yield, and forced
him like a man who vaunted of his con-
quest.

The walls of his fathers rang with the
echoes of his fame, and every knight ac-
knowledged

knowledged him matchless and unpeered.
 Victory obtained, Fitz Alwy seemed to re-
 collect himself—a blush even passed over
 his cheek — and as he, learned in the
 characters of men, read the thoughts of
 Fitz Aubrey and his Ethelburga ; how
 willingly would he now have resigned the
 conquest, which a moment before he had
 been so anxious to gain ! he veiled his feel-
 ings in smiles, and courteously approach-
 ing the Prince, he uttered an apology for
 his uncourtly conduct ; but offered as an
 excuse, his ambition to appear unvan-
 quished in the eyes of his mistress, ‘ and,’
 added he with a graceful air, ‘ who would
 ‘ not forget themselves, in the presence of
 ‘ such a mistress as Ethelburga !’

A contumacious smile curled the lip of
 Prince Arthur, as he replied seemingly
 without anger.—

‘ You, my Lord, are the victor to-day ;
 ‘ but it does not follow that you may be
 ‘ eternally so.’

And

And this remark more particularly stung Fitz Alwy, as he evidently alluded to the indifference of Ethelburga; he withdrew from the lists, and silently took his seat by her side. But the noble Morcar was keenly hurt by the unknighly conduct of Fitz Alwy; he spoke not, but folded his arms in his cloak, and retired with a downcast countenance; while Sir Philip, much distressed, took the arm of Sir Edwin Montague, and walked aside.

Chap. V.

' Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes around.

' Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along
the sky.

' Spears fall like the circles of light, which gild the face of
night.

' As the noise of the troubled ocean, when roll the waves on
high,

" As the last peal of thunder in heaven, such is the din of
War!"

Ossian.

AFTER Fitz Alwy had been seated a few minutes by the side of Ethelburga, Lord Roslyn approached, and whispered in his ear; he started up, and taking his arm, quitted the pavilion.

The Percy now entered the ring, a triumphant smile sat upon his lip,—this was unintelligible to the Baroness, and Lady Fitz William, who immediately clung to
her

her arm, and trembling with agitation, exclaimed,—

‘ Oh my Theodore! and will you engage him?’—

For she marked the heralds of Fitz William, which had entered the ring.

‘ Fear not,’ (said Ethelburga.) ‘ my dear Eva, this is not the first time your Theodore has engaged him, nor will it be the last that he will vanquish him! Mark, Earl Percy can scarcely now rein his outrageous steed.’—

‘ I know not,’ (replied Eva,) ‘ why I should doubt the prowess of my Theodore, but an unaaccountable tremor has seized me, my heart sickens in my breast, and I gaze on him, as if it were my last look,---with rapture, and despair.’

Ethelburga silently pressed her hand; the combat was hot in the ring, but there was no apparent reason for her fears; Percy seemed not to exert his usual skill, but to be far more anxious not to fatigue his steed;

steed; and Fitz William, with an ease which evidently vexed him, easily won the combat. The Percy immediately left the ring; but Lord Roslyn as immediately entered it; the esquire of Fitz William advanced, and whispering to him, presented him a small note; when, Theodore having read it, his countenance flushed, and waving his hand to Lord Roslyn, said he would immediately return, and quitted the ring.

The pavilion was placed against the centre of the western wall, close to the ends of which were two entrances into the court; Ethelburga was seated with Lady Fitz William, very much towards the left.

The sudden disappearance of her Lord surprised her, and the fair Eva turned to notice it to Sir Philip, or Sir Morcar, who had been standing behind them, but on looking round, she was astonished to see a crowd of strange knights surround them; her friends were no longer there, not even
Prince

Prince Arthur,---they were not in sight, so completely had the scene changed in the space of a few moments,---when now, to the terror of both ladies, the Percy leading his fiery steed approached ; for a moment he resigned the rein to Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, and approaching Eva, with a passionate and undaunted manner, said---

‘ Lady, I told you you should be mine !
 ‘ the boy you dote on, can possess you no
 ‘ longer,’ ----- And unheeding her cries and struggles, he encircled her in his arms, and vaulted with her on his steed.---

Away flew the Percy with his lovely burthen, in the sight of the whole court ! --- fleet was his steed, and strenuous was his arm ; he bounded through the nearest portal, and was seen no more !

Each knight was in amazement ; but on casting their eyes around, every person appeared to have dismounted, and to have been drawn to a distance from his horse, by some stratagem or other ; and when
 they

they could mount their horses and fly in pursuit, they found every gate barred against them --- Ethelburga sat in extreme agitation ; Fitz Alwy stormed, and vainly ordered his gates to be unclosed, but they were secured without, and his vassals were obliged to scale the walls to uncloze them. Ethelburga entreated her cousin to pursue the ferocious Percy ; but he needed no stimulative, he immediately flew to his steed, and, accompanied by his esquire, galloped from the court. Fitz William, who had been in agonies that would have melted the hardest heart, had, by the united efforts of himself and friends, burst open one of the portals, and rushed forth with so much impetuosity, that every heart trembled for his safety.

Edwin had, quick as thought, rushed through the Castle, and seizing the first horse he met without the walls, was even before Fitz William in his career.

Stanley followed, accompanied by Harold,

rold, Lanois, Lord Fitz Alban, Henry Murray, De Montford, Sir Henry of Rothés, Sir Vortimer, and Sir Eliss, on fleet horses :---but whither had they gone? which way should they pursue him? Each flew in different directions, and each met with the like success : Theodore, Sir Morcar, and Edwin, were of one party, and meeting an aged peasant on the road, he told them, that the Percy had crossed the wold, and they immediately pursued the road pointed out.

When they had departed in this pursuit, the question arose in the court---how Lord Percy had managed so successfully to commit this daring outrage, before the faces of so many valiant knights? Ethelburga told Sir Philip of the persons who surrounded them, and he was soon convinced, from what he learnt, that it was a deep-laid scheme, in which at least half the court were concerned, and the manner in which it was carried into effect, was as follows :

Sir

Sir Philip and Sir Morcar de Mowbray were wiled away by a pretended message from Fitz Alwy, begging him to await him in Morcar's court. Prince Arthur by a similar stratagem was drawn aside by a pretended illness of Harold's in the Castle; Harold was duped by a message from Prince Arthur to await him in the chapel court; Edwin was appointed to meet Sir Ethelred, and Stanley Sir Eliss D'Aubigny: in short they were all drawn by numerous artifices away from the pavilion—not one remained even near to it, and as fast as they departed the friends of the Percy surrounded it and formed an impenetrable phalanx.

The esquire of Fitz William declared, that just as his master was going to engage Lord Roslyn, a knight ran to him with a paper, desiring him to present it to Fitz William before he engaged, which he did, and it contained these words—

‘ There is a plan laid for your destruction,

‘tion, fly to the Donjon court immediately,
‘and you will know more.’

Fitz William imagined that it was perhaps some stratagem to prevent his gaining the honour of a victory over Lord Roslyn ; he determined to discover, but not however to yield the combat up ; he therefore waved his hand to Lord Roslyn and departed. When he arrived at the Donjon court, he found Sir Alexander Macpherson awaiting him, who immediately declared that a plan had come to his knowledge for the carrying off his lady, and kept Fitz William under pretence of describing the plot, until a general cry in the ‘Tournament court, accompanied with shouts and exclamations of surprise with some peals of laughter, awakened his attention, and his own name loudly pronounced by Edwin drew him to the court, where he met De Montague in extreme agitation, who cried—

‘Fly, Fitz William, to protect your Eva !’
Madness fired his brain, as he rushed to
his

his horse, and he was deaf to every advice that friendship offered to him, and bursting open the portal he flew through the forest.

Upon Sir Philip's investigation, he discovered that twenty of the Percy's vassals at least had been stationed outside the gates, who upon a signal of Lord Roslyn's fastened them to : he felt relieved on this discovery, for he half feared to investigate the business, lest he should discover that Fitz Alwy was too deeply concerned for the Percy ; as some trifling circumstances he learned, had struck the mind of the good Warden that he did not exert himself sufficiently on the occasion, or endeavour to recover Lady Fitz William. The Baron now, however, sent Sir Guy Fitz Piers and Sir John de Fitz John in pursuit of them.

' Had not Mont Rose better pursue them ? ' (said Sir Philip.) ' The others will be quicker, (replied Fitz Alwy) but Mont Rose can likewise follow.'

' Let

‘ Let him dismount Sir Henry Valois
‘ and take his horse,’ (replied Sir Philip, at
the same time speaking to Ethelred who
appeared all anxiety to depart,) ‘ there is
‘ not a fleeter or a hardier horse in Nor-
‘ thumberland.’

Mont Rose waited not a second bidding,
but mounting this beautiful grey, galloped
off full speed---

His object was to gain one of the flying
parties as quickly as possible ; for he knew
they would be misled in their pursuit, and
perhaps depart each moment farther from
the object they were in search of, whose
abode he shrewdly suspected to be within
a league of Mont Eagle, and within the
fortress of Roslyn, whither he had marked
the lord of that name, Fitz Godwin and
many other of the Percy’s friends, proceed
under the pretence of flying in pursuit of
him. Had the anxious knights awaited for
a little information, they would have set
forward more advantageously ; but they
were

were bent on overtaking the Percy, and forgot the far-famed fleetness of his steed. Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose had the advantage of them ; from necessity he had been delayed from immediately pursuing them, and this delay caused him to gain information which otherwise like the rest he would have gone forward without.

Fitz Alwy having dispatched these knights, ordered the tourney to proceed : but the anxiety of Ethelburga entirely prevented her paying any attention to the amusements of the court ; in which anxiety she was joined by Adela, Agnes, and Augustine. Lord de Morthemmer had, on the absence of Sir Morcar de Mowbray, placed himself by the side of Adela, and importuned her by recounting his sufferings on her account ; in vain did she shew him her disgust and abhorrence ; he persevered in his persecuting conduct, until the tournament commenced again, when he mounted his beautiful bay steed, and gracefully entered

entered the ring ; he was encountered by the Baron Dun Rock, and a furious onset took place, in which the latter was however defeated.

Lord Ulswater now entered the ring and displayed a noble and elegant banner, but a bar of illegitimacy soiled his beautiful shield : he was of noble port, tall and commanding in his air and countenance ; he was a friend of De Mowbray's, and determined to support his claims during his absence. His banner was emerald green, on which were three fleurs-de-lis of fine gold, a crimson bar, with a golden lion passant and two red crozlets on a field of gold ; all surrounded by a gold fringe.

His armour was dark and tinted green, slightly ornamented with gold ; the cloak of dark green richly fringed with gold and worked with gold fleurs-de-lis. This combat was long and interesting, and kept up on both sides with great gallantry

---Lord Ulswater's helm was topped by three white but low plumes which issued from a golden fleur-de-lis. His horse was a fine chesnut, whose trappings were dark green, embroidered with gold fleurs-de-lis: beautiful was his appearance, and he fought with so much spirit in the cause of his friend, that he overcame Lord Ravens-thorn, and obliged him when overcome, in the presence of the whole court, to swear by the honour of a knight, not to molest the Lady Adela.

Toscar, lord of Cronla, next appeared; and surely, if ever a man's appearance was calculated to inspire terror and disgust, it was his: on his banner he seemed to bear his own image, a tiger just springing on his prey, in proper colours, on a white field: his horse was black, covered with a tiger's skin, and his reins were heavy chains of steel and gold, which rattled hideously at the charge. His armour was of steel, ornamented with golden nails, his cloak

was

was vermeil lined with a tiger's skin, and on his helmet he bore a flowing red mane : his buskins were brown and tough, so was indeed his skin ; his dark grey eyes, red and bloodshot, were wildly staring and starting from his head, surmounted, not o'er-shadowed by enormous black and grey bushy brows, with a countenance as horrible as malice and revenge could make it.

Lord Ulswater turned upon him with scorn and contempt. The character of Toscar was as villanous as his countenance ; murder, violence, and fraud, marked his vice-stained career. These chieftains had oft met in the field of battle, where Lord Ulswater was *then*, as he was *now*, victorious.

The Baroness rejoiced at this termination of the battle, for she had conceived a great horror of the Lord of Cromla.

As Ulswater arranged his trappings, the Lord de Lucy entered the ring : the ladies earnestly wished him success, for the lau-

rels of this gallant young nobleman had received a blemish from his defeat by Fitz Alwy, and, stung to the soul, he was determined to retrieve his honour. This combat greatly delighted Prince Arthur, and the other lovers of chivalry: De Lucy remained possessed of the ring.

He now challenged by his looks the young Earl of Windermere, whose conduct with regard to Edwin had not passed unheeded by him; from the character of this young man, he had expected another line of conduct. His challenge was answered by the young noble, who maintained with him a graceful encounter; he was vanquished, however, when De Lucy claimed the right of a victor—one promise he had a right to demand from the vanquished.

‘My Lord,’ (said De Lucy,) ‘you see
 ‘me here to avenge the insults offered to
 ‘a knight, I have the honour to call my
 ‘friend, Sir Edwin Montague! — and
 ‘I demand to know who is the secret,
 ‘the

‘ the vile asperser of his name ?—I had
 ‘ esteemed the Earl of Windermere the no-
 ‘ blest of his kind, and little did I expect
 ‘ to see him of a party to wound the feel-
 ‘ ings of that amiable and unfortunate
 ‘ youth.’

‘ My Lord de Lucy,’ (replied the Earl
 with sorrow and shame pictured in his
 face,) ‘ I can never cease to regret
 ‘ my having lost your good opinion,
 ‘ which in my estimation is a sufficient
 ‘ testimony of the worth of any man ; I
 ‘ know not Sir Edwin Montague ; I was
 ‘ informed by Lord de Morthemmer, and
 ‘ many other nobles whose names I shall
 ‘ readily yield up, that his family and him-
 ‘ self were cast into just and well-merited
 ‘ ignominy ; that he had found means to
 ‘ creep into the bosom of the house of Fal-
 ‘ conberg, from whence it was the duty of
 ‘ every friend to honour and justice to expel
 ‘ him if possible. But, my Lord de Lucy,
 ‘ before you make your request, which I
 ‘ can

' can see the generous purpose of your soul
 ' dictates, let me assure you, that I am
 ' more anxious than yourself, to take the
 ' first opportunity of apologizing to Sir
 ' Edwin Montague, to whom I shall be
 ' happy to be introduced ! The unhappy—
 ' the unfortunate—were never objects of
 ' my scorn, and I trust I never shall be so
 ' debased as to make them so ; and I shall
 ' take the first opportunity of chastising
 ' those who have abused my credulity !'

' Enough !' (cried Lord de Lucy,) ' I
 ' guessed this was the case, once more
 ' my friend, Lord Ruben and I shall be
 ' proud to introduce you to Sir Edwin
 ' Montague !'

Then arm in arm they quitted the ring
 and approached the pavilion, to the great
 annoyance of Lord de Morthemmer, who, by
 the looks of these knights, found his trea-
 chery had been discovered.

Fitz Alwy now closed the lists ; he
 approached Ethelburga with an air of
 triumph,

triumph, and attended her to the Castle with all those sweet attentions which soothe the mind and fascinate the heart. Prince Arthur's temper was somewhat ruffled, and he possessed not a countenance that could conceal it. The Baron de Warrenne and party entered the Castle for a few minutes, at the repeated solicitations of Ethelburga, to await their son : but Sir Vortimer not returning, they proceeded to Elföld. Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey was overcast with woe, his pale and languid looks too plainly spoke the tumult of his mind, but to Sir Aymer de Valance alone did he venture to complain.

In the mean time, Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose had sprung onward in opposition to Sir Guy Fitz Piers, and Sir John de St. John, who declared they had better proceed together : he was, however, only hesitating which road he should take, in order to overtake some of Fitz William's friends, if not Fitz William himself. He
made

made a circuit around the heights in order to perceive some of the party; and at length he saw two knights, who appeared to be leading their steeds by the rein, and as they advanced nearer, he perceived them to be Stanley, and the Earl of Lanois, whose horses were evidently as lame as possible, and covered up to the neck in mud.—He shouted and approached them.

: ‘ Here we are disabled,’ (exclaimed Stanley impetuously,) ‘ we endeavoured to follow De Mowbray and Fitz William, whom we lost, at yon turning;—when crossing the further moor, we met a soldier and asked him which way they had gone, he looked at us for a minute, and pointed to yon hollow : not suspecting the villain’s intention, we set off full speed, but soon plunged into a deep swamp ; our horses no more heeded our reins, and we had well nigh broke our necks,—when we did get out, we found both our animals
‘ sprained

‘sprained so badly, that we must needs
‘return.’

‘Have you any idea,’ (quickly demanded Mont Rose) ‘which way I can
‘overtake any of the flying parties?’

‘Yes, I am pretty certain Sir Morcar,
‘Fitz William, and Edwin, have crossed
‘yonder to the left, on the west of the
‘clump of pines.’

‘They are all wrong, as I imagined.’
(said Sir Ethelred) ‘She is at Roslyn For-
‘tress by this time, I am assured - - -
‘however, wait—there are three—I shall
‘make four—you and Lanois would do.’

‘But our horses!’ (said Stanley,) and
they hesitated in great dismay; at this mo-
ment Sir John de St. John, and Sir Guy
Fitz Piers came in sight, ‘I have it!’
(exclaimed Stanley eagerly) ‘Yon knights
‘must yield their steeds to us,—they are
‘after no good, and when they are on our
‘lame animals, they will be prevented at

‘least from doing much mischief, and their
‘steeds will do for us!’

‘Excellent!’ (exclaimed Sir Ethelred)
‘we will have their steeds in spite of their
‘teeth; we must *take* them too, for we
‘cannot tarry here to parley with them!’—
They now approached the knights.

‘Fitz Piers,’ (cried out Stanley) ‘I must
‘have your horse! mine is gone lame, and
‘I cannot proceed.’

‘Then you had better take him home,’
(returned Fitz Piers): ‘what news have
‘you got? I will follow you, Mont Rose.’

‘No,’ (said Stanley) ‘that will not an-
‘swer our purpose, I *must* have your
‘horse.’

‘And I must have yours,’ (said the Earl
to St. John.)

‘Nay,’ (replied St. John) ‘I cannot part
‘with him.’

‘Come! come!’ (rode up Sir Ethelred)
‘we must have them!’—(and he looked as
if he meant what he said) ‘therefore, dis-
‘mount,

‘ mount, St. John, you must, you know, give
 ‘ the *Earl* your horse ; and Fitz Piers had
 ‘ better give Sir Stanley his in that case, or
 ‘ you will not keep up with one another.’

‘ Nay,’ replied Sir John, ‘ why not yield
 ‘ the *Earl* your horse ?’

‘ We cannot wait to parley,’ (said Stanley to Ethelred) ‘ this is a case doth not
 ‘ admit of bows !’—and he seized Sir Guy’s
 bridle, the Earl followed his example by
 Sir John’s ; these two knights looked at
 each other, and still kept their seats ; but
 Ethelred rode up fiercely to them, and Stanley
 clapped his hand upon his sword, he
 hurled Fitz Piers upon the ground and
 mounted, and Ethelred held the reins of
 Sir John’s horse, while the Earl mounted.
 They now rode off full speed, leaving the
 enraged and discomfited knights to lead
 their lame horses home.

As they bounded over the moor, they
 looked around in vain for the knights, but
 as they crossed close by Elfwold, they perceived

received some of Lord de Warrenne's vassals at their posts, and they stopped to make inquiries of them.

'Have the knights galloped past here?' (cried Sir Ethelred.)

'Yes, up yonder height; in five minutes you may overtake them, for they stopped here to make a parley!'

'This is fortunate,' (exclaimed Mont Rose)—'Stanley, my animal outruns your famous coursers; I had better proceed and overtake them, you follow as shortly as you can; but I advise you not to strain your horses, for we shall want them!'

'On, on! my friend!' cried Sir Stanley, and Mont Rose was soon upon the height. From thence at some distance he saw the three heroes, who had relaxed in their pace, and in a few moments he was up with them.

'Hold! hold!' (he cried) 'proceed not, you are deceived and wrong!'

'Heavens!—'

‘Heavens!’—(exclaimed Fitz William, with madness in his eye.)

‘Compose yourself, my Lord!’ (returned Mont Rose) ‘we shall soon recover your lady, I know where she is.’

Delight darted through the bosoms of the knights, with difficulty Theodore kept himself from fainting, he could not speak, but gazed upon Sir Ethelred in tremulous expectation.

‘Where is she?’ (said Sir Morcar.)

‘At Roslyn Fortress. But turn back and quietly retrace your steps, while I recount to you all I know and all I plan—Stanley and Lanois are following.’

The knights turned and slowly proceeded back, while the gallant Ethelred continued—

‘Soon after you had left the court, I heard Fitz Godwin say to Lord Roslyn,
 “I am for the Fort!—When shall we see you?” Roslyn answered, “We shall not go for an hour or two at least,

‘ “least, for we might be traced by some
 ‘ “ of the flying parties, but await us on
 ‘ “ the watch-tower. I shall bring De
 ‘ “ Segrave, Glenross, Cospatrick, Lodore,
 ‘ “ Calma and Elphin with me, and Crom-
 ‘ “ la, I believe.” — Fitz Godwin then
 ‘ departed.’

‘ We have not enough to storm the for-
 ‘ tress,’ (cried Fitz William in despair)
 ‘ Heavens ! how shall I recover her ?’

‘ No,’ (returned Sir Ethelred) ‘ not to
 ‘ storm the fortress do I propose ; we are
 ‘ all, my Lord, willing to bleed in your
 ‘ cause, and my plan is to await these
 ‘ nobles in Roslyn pass—I think, though
 ‘ fewer, we are equal to them ; could we
 ‘ secure them by battle and bind them to
 ‘ the trees, we could change armour and
 ‘ horses, and enter silently the fortress, the
 ‘ rest must be the fate of war. This plan
 ‘ is desperate, I allow, but the case is de-
 ‘ sperate likewise, and I think we shall
 ‘ succeed. *I know the place at this mo-*
 ‘ ment

‘ment is not garrisoned ; we should not
 ‘have above triple the number to contend
 ‘with, and those most of them unskilled in
 ‘the science of combat !’

‘Lord Fitz William may depend upon
 ‘our lives being the forfeit of our ill suc-
 ‘cess,’ (cried Edwin.)

‘You are brave youths !’ (cried Sir Mor-
 car) ‘and I will support you to the last
 ‘drop of my blood.’

Fitz William vainly strove to express his
 thanks, but his countenance spoke what
 his tongue was incapable of uttering ; they
 now met Sir Stanley and Lanois, to whom
 they confided the plan, and the only puz-
 zle that remained was to procure the cords
 with secrecy and dispatch. They were now
 passing Elfwold, when a tall elegant youth
 appeared pacing the copse that led to the
 Castle.

‘We shall soon have them,’ (exclaimed
 the overjoyed Ethelred,) ‘for yonder is
 ‘Edgar of Northwood.’ He rode up to
 the

the youth, who turned and displayed a handsome and open ingenuous countenance; by his silver spurs, he was only an esquire. He was dressed in a light coat of steel and silver armour; a pale blue belt crossed his breast, embroidered with white eaglets springing from a crown of gold; his vizor was up, and his crest was a white pair of swan's wings.

'How is Sir Eustace?' exclaimed Mont Rose.

'He is, thank God, much better, Sir Ethelred, shall I announce you?'

'Not to-day,' returned Ethelred, and he made known his errand—when the youth replied—

'Your undertaking, Sir, is indeed hasty; Sir Eustace, I am sure, would be better pleased, if you would take with you fifty or sixty vassals, and I will accompany them, they are ready at call.'

The Knights hesitated for a few moments.—'No,' (said Sir Morcar) 'we must
'refuse

‘ refuse your kind offer ; their livery would
 ‘ be known, and would cause the gates to
 ‘ be closed against us.’

‘ Then permit me at least to accom-
 ‘ pany you !’ (he said.)

A smile from Ethelred, was his answer ;
 he sprung into the Castle, to request Sir
 Eustace’s permission, and soon returned,
 armed, mounted, and with a bundle of
 strong cords.

‘ Sir Eustace commends himself to you,
 ‘ and he bids me tell you, Sir Ethelred, how
 ‘ keenly he regrets that his yet weak state
 ‘ of health prevents his accompanying you
 ‘ on this expedition.’

There was an honest and gentlemanly
 manner in Edgar, which charmed the
 knights, a sprightly valour, and at the
 same time a dignified modesty, which
 kept him silent but when addressed.

The knights at another time would
 have been more curious ; but Fitz Wil-
 liam’s agonies riveted their interests to his
 cause.

cause. Hastening their pace, they soon arrived at Roslyn pass, which was a rocky defile enclosed by forest trees, and retired from human eye. They awaited with drawn swords the arrival of the party, who soon appeared to a man, with the addition of three esquires.

They rushed upon them suddenly,—in a moment all were engaged; Sir Morcar with Lord Roslyn, Fitz William with Cospatrick, of Black Castle, Stanley with Walter de Segrave, and an esquire; Edwin with Glenross and Lodore, Lanois with Elphin, Ethelred with Calma and Cromla, and Edgar with the two esquires. Lanois was soon wounded, but the gallant Edgar instantly added Elphin to his opponents; Sir Morcar, without a wound, laid Lord Roslyn disabled on the turf; Stanley was slightly wounded, but bound the gigantic De Segrave hand and foot, and then assisted Edwin, who had wounded Lodore, to do the same; Lord Fitz Wil-
liam

William soon half killed Cospatrick; Ethelred got a wound in the back, but overcame both his opponents, and Edgar of Northwood, with the strength of young Mars himself, totally disabled his three opponents, and bound them together. They were now all stripped of their armour, and secured to different trees; Ethelred and Stanley's wounds were bound up, when they declared themselves as well as ever.

They now fitted themselves in the armour of the vanquished knights, concealed their own in the underwood, and tying their steeds loosely, left them to graze, and leaping on the other knights' horses, proceeded to the fortress. They smiled as they viewed each other in this motley attire.—Sir Morcar was Lord Roslyn; Fitz William, Lord Cromla; Edwin, Lodore; Stanley, an esquire; Edgar, Walter de Segrave; Ethelred, Calma; and Lanois, an esquire.

When they arrived within sight of the gates, they were thrown open; their vizors were

were drawn down, and they passed unquestioned; the Percy was on the step to meet them, when Fitz William, unable for a moment to contain his ire, started from his horse, flew upon him like a young lion, and in a moment they were engaged.

‘Where, degenerate chieftain! outrageous monster! is my Eva? restore me my beauteous wife.—You die! detested villain! outrager of innocence and virtue!’—Passion, and the clashing of their swords, now smothered his voice; violently they fought, determined to kill each other. Fitz Godwin and Sir Morcar were at a similar game, all was conflict—conflict and confusion!—nothing was to be heard but groans, execrations, and the clashing of swords.—These valiant young men were opposed to a number not less than fifty in all, and amongst whom were, Arnolf Fitz Morthemer, and Edmund de Welle, with that monster De Wilton.—

Fitz

Fitz William at length, after many wounds, laid Percy senseless on the ground, and his blood fast flowing stained the pavement in many a purple stream. Sir Morcar soon overpowered Fitz Godwin, and the knights made a complete conquest; Edmund de Welle fled. Arnolf Fitz Morthemer they believed dead, with nineteen others, who had ceased their piercing groans, as their souls quitted their bleeding forms. Edwin still engaged De Wilton and another with determined fury; Sir Morcar, his blood flowing from many a wound, stepped forward to assist him, but at that moment, Sir Bevis, covered with wounds, fell.

In the midst of this dreadful scene of carnage, rushed in, with disordered tresses, the beautiful and frantic Eva; she flew to her Lord.

'Oh my Theodore!' (she cried,) 'you are wounded!'---and fainted on his bosom: weakly he pressed her to his breast, and assured

assured her that his wounds were slight, but his swimming eyes and blood-stained attire contradicted the assertion. No one escaped unhurt—Fitz William, Edwin, and Ethelred, were the worst wounded : the others assisted and removed them from this horrid scene ; they determined not to remain at the fortress, but were placed on horseback. Eva, when she recovered, supported her Theodore's head upon her bosom. Edwin was upheld by Stanley ; and Sir Ethelred by Edgar ; while the others led their horses. As they passed the bound knights, they secured their armour and steeds,---they shouted at them, and Stanley keenly regretted that they were not in a fit state to give them another beating ; in this manner, after a painful and tedious journey, they arrived at Mont Eagle.

Chap. VI.

“ Ha ! what cloud is that ? it carries the ghosts of my fathers.
“ I see the skirts of their robes, like grey and wat’ry mist.
“ When shall he fall, oh Rumar ? ”

Ossian.

THE party arrived at Mont Eagle exactly as the Baron seated himself at the banquet table; and to his great surprise entered the hall of festival. He was seated by Ethelburga, at the moment using all his persuasive eloquence to convince her, that her friends were in no danger,—when the brave Morcar, with his arm bound up, appeared : the sight of him in such strange attire, caused the greatest emotions of surprise : Fitz Alwy endeavoured to suppress

press his trepidation ; his cheek was ashy pale, as he quickly demanded the issue of their pursuit : by this time Stanley had entered, and made apologies for the absence of the wounded, who he declared were not in a situation to appear before the ladies.

‘Heavens ! there has been blood spilt !’ (said Ethelburga, the paleness of death o’erspreading her cheeks).

‘Be not alarmed, my Ethelburga,’ (said the good Warden,) ‘no one is materially hurt, by the countenance of De Mowbray.’

Sir Morcar assured Ethelburga, that although the combat had been desperate, none of his party were seriously injured ; and he then left the hall with Stanley, to change his blood-stained attire.

The Countess Lanois flew to her Lord. Sir Philip quitted the hall at the request of Ethelburga, to inquire the state of Edwin—when the Lady Eva appeared, and fell

fell into the arms of Ethelburga, and after being refreshed by a draught of wine, related the manner of her rescue; then, turning to Fitz Alwy, she said—

‘ But I came, my Lord, to entreat that you would send your Confessor to my Theodore; he is sadly wounded, and I expire with apprehension for his safety.’

The Baron pressed her hand silently, and instantly arose, to apprise Father Sebastian himself of the state of his guest; Eva with her attendants again quitted the hall, and repaired to the apartments of her lord. Sir Morcar shortly re-entered, and assured Ethelburga, that although Sir Edwin had been wounded in the cause he so gallantly espoused, and therefore required rest to recruit his strength, that no danger was to be apprehended: and he then gratified the company, by a recital of the manner in which he had recovered the Lady Eva. Each noble and knight expressed their admiration and surprise at the boldness and

success of the undertaking; the Baron, who had returned to his seat during the recital, paid the highest encomiums to their valour and prowess, and expressed in warm language his satisfaction at the brave conduct of his esquire, Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose. Ethelburga remarked, that when Sir Morcar mentioned the name of Edgar with praises, Fitz Alwy's brow suffered a slight contraction, and he seemed greatly relieved, when on Sir Morcar's inquiry why he appeared not, he was informed, that the young hero having regained his own apparel, had immediately repaired to Elfwold.

'Where however is Harold, and Henry Murray?' (exclaimed Prince Arthur), 'I would, incomparable De Mowbray, that they had been of this valiant party.'

'And where is Sir Vortimer and my brother?' exclaimed Augustine; but as she was yet speaking, Harold and Henry Murray entered the hall.

'I con-

‘ I congratulate the party of heroes here,
 ‘ who have so gallantly accomplished their
 ‘ purpose ;’ (cried the Knight of Penrith)
 ‘ my friend Sir Edwin Montague was, I
 ‘ find, not the most backward in valour.---
 ‘ We were quite misled in our route, and
 ‘ have been miles out of our way ; as we
 ‘ returned home, we met a gallant young
 ‘ hero, who told us the whole story.’

‘ ‘Twas Edgar, surely !’ cried Stanley:

‘ Indeed’ (returned Sir Morcar) ‘ Edwin
 ‘ has performed wonders, and Sir Bevis de
 ‘ Wilton, I believe, is dead by his hand.’---
 As he said this, he cast a scrutinizing
 glance on Fitz Alwy.

Sir Philip likewise remembered his awe-
 ful vision, and cast upon him a searching
 glance : the Baron, either from their mark-
 ed looks, or some other cause, could ill-
 sustain their scrutiny, his lips quivered as
 he raised the goblet to them, and the golden
 cup did not conceal the ashy paleness of

his cheek ; till recovering himself in some degree, he said with surprise---

‘ Sir Bevis de Wilton! how came *he* there?’---

‘ And Sir Arnulf Fitz Morthemer! how came he there?’--cried Sir Morcar to Lord de Morthemer.

‘ And Edmund de Welle, how came he *here?*’ exclaimed Stanley, jumping up from his seat. The affrighted Edmund leaped up and vaulted over the bench.— Stanley, smiling with pity, returned to his seat. The Lord de Morthemer noticed the remark of Sir Morcar, only by a contemptuous sneer ; and Harold turning to Augustine, told her he bore from her brother his faithful remembrances ; and assured her, that he parted with him and Sir Vortimer at Mont Eagle-gate, and that they had proceeded to Elfwold with Edgar.

The knights now being all assembled, the
Castle

Castle gates were closed, the banquet was dismissed, and the guests retired to their apartments.

Sir Philip's mind had been all day in a state of melancholy reflection ; his night's adventure appeared to be the wild phantasy of his over-heated brain,—it was inconsistent with reason, it was unnatural to suppose, that the spirit of a father should quit its heavenly region, to frown upon the sleeping form of his child : thus it struck Sir Philip on his first reflections,—but when he thought again, that *that child*, from the erroneous education it had received, absolutely made bosom friends of his father's murderers ! his surprise was done away—horror, and pity for the poor ghost, supplied its place.

The strange incident of finding Lord Hontercombe, and Sir Bevis sleeping in state at the Castle, at the very moment that Fitz Alwy had assured him that he harboured

boured them no more, inspired his mind with a thousand unpleasant apprehensions.

‘Unfortunate, misguided youth!’ (cried Sir Philip in agony, as he struck his forehead in despair,) ‘is it thus you would mislead your only friends—the friends of your murdered father—to foster those monsters who would complete the destruction of your family, by tainting the pure current of your mind?’

After an agony of woe, his thoughts would then revert to the horrible scene he had witnessed in the vaults; it was true, indeed, the unhappy state of the country rendered objects of this nature but too frequent in the Castles of the chieftains; their feudal quarrels filled their dreary dungeons, and, alas! these unfortunate victims were frequently in the disturbance forgotten, left to starve, and then to rot in their chains, or were interred in the manner related. But he had not heard of any such
broils

broils assailing the Castle of Mont Eagle, and the sex of the unfortunate creature rendered this suggestion improbable.

Racked by the contending ideas which alternately predominated in his mind, each of which tortured his heart to madness, he had been throughout the whole day an object of curiosity and compassion: the outrage committed by the Earl of Northumberland had for a few moments attracted his attention, but his gloomy reflections soon returned with additional force, and rendered his thoughtful manner and contracted brow a subject of general observation. Although the usual deportment of the Warden was thoughtful and reflecting, it was particularly of late years placid and serene; and Ethelburga now remarked with sorrow, that her dear Fitz Aubrey's countenance was o'ercast with grief, while Fitz Alwy regarded him with feelings

feelings of alarm and anxiety, which embittered every passing hour.

When Fitz Aubrey quitted the banquet hall, he passed with folded arms into the chamber of Edwin; he dreaded the coming night, he felt himself unable to support a repetition of the last night's scenes, and fatigued as he was both in body and mind, preferred sitting by the bed of Edwin, to passing the night in his own solitary chamber.

As he entered, a figure appeared standing over De Montague, which startled his fevered imagination; the room door was open, and he had entered without being observed by any one: the chamber was gloomy, and the lamp placed afar from the crimson bed on which Edwin reposed. On the opposite side stood the figure of a Monk, gaunt and tall in its appearance, and enrobed in black; the cowl half concealed his features, but that which remained

mained uncovered struck the heart of Sir Philip with indescribable emotions, and rooted him to the spot.

The Monk seemed aged, but it appeared more to be the age of his mental than his bodily frame ; sallow and hollow was his cheek, whose outline was distinctly thrown into effect by his black cowl ; his lips were drawn into an expression of scorn, reflection, and pity ; his chin was long and pointed, his nose drooped with the expression of death.—He moved not—in his hand he held an empty cup ; and Sir Philip, as he gazed on the awful being, involuntarily shuddered.

The eyes of the Monk seemed fixed upon the features of Edwin, o'er which the pale flame of the lamp threw a ghastly hue.—The poor boy slept unconscious of the objects which observed him ; pain seemed to have discomposed his beautiful countenance, which as he reposed, however, gradually assumed a serene but melancholy
 15 smile.

smile. Sir Philip now advanced ; at his approach the Monk started, and a flash of lightning seemed to glance from his dark and sunken eye.

‘ Father, how is the gallant youth ?’ exclaimed the Warden—‘ I trust the potion ‘ I have given him will relieve him from ‘ his pain,’ returned the Monk.

‘ Has he been in pain ?’—inquired Fitz Aubrey.

‘ Some slight irritation was caused from ‘ the dressing of his wounds,’—returned the Friar, still gazing intently on Sir Philip. ‘ But a night’s peaceful slumber will restore ‘ him—and he gained them in a good ‘ cause.’

‘ He did, Father !’ (returned Fitz Aubrey) ‘ Edwin will never bleed but in a ‘ virtuous cause.’

‘ You assume too much, my son, when ‘ you say,—that youth is ever erring.’

‘ But he has an upright heart, Father.’

A groan burst from the Monk.

‘ How

‘ How long have you taken upon your-
self to read men’s hearts, Sir Philip ?’

Fitz Aubrey started as the Monk pronounced his name—the manner was too well remembered—it was the peculiar pronunciation of the late Lord Fitz Arnulf. He remained in deep thought ; at length he raised his eyes upon the Friar, but withdrew them quickly as he saw his piercing glances fixed upon him.

‘ Is it Father Sebastian whom I address ?’ (inquired Fitz Aubrey). ‘ It is,’ (returned the Monk, in deep and hollow tones).

Fitz Aubrey shuddered ; he took his seat at Edwin’s pillow. The Monk stood still regarding him, but his fierce looks were veiled by his cowl.

‘ How is the Baron to-night ?’—asked Sebastian.

‘ He is very well, I believe,’ (returned Fitz Aubrey) ; ‘ I did not know he had been ill.

‘ His sleep was restless last night, in
truth

‘ truth there are many idle dreams about
 ‘ the Castle, the invention of a heated ima-
 ‘ gination ; he complained likewise of
 ‘ being disturbed at Wolfnorth.’

‘ An innocent heart need not fear, how-
 ‘ ever awe-struck it may be by supernatural
 ‘ appearances,’ said Fitz Aubrey—a super-
 ‘ cilious smile curled the lip of the Monk,
 and made his dark countenance appear
 more ghastly---‘ there are many circumstan-
 ‘ ces occur in life which startle the imagi-
 ‘ nation,’ (continued Fitz Aubrey) ‘ and,
 ‘ alas ! if ever there were circumstances
 ‘ which authorise the appearance of a
 ‘ spirit, surely it is the age we live in.’

Sir Philip sunk into reflection, so deep
 indeed that he heeded not the departure of
 the Monk : at length he recollected himself
 and looked up—the gaunt figure was gone.

He felt relieved by his departure ; the
 name of Sebastian was not unknown to
 him, he was a monk of the monastery of
 St. Benedict, in which also resided the
 good

good Clement, who was a particular acquaintance of Father Bertrand : Clement had pictured the character of Sebastian as gloomy and reserved, his life was austere, it seemed not, however, the austerity of virtue, but the penance due to vice ; and it was the wonder of the monastery that so young a man as Fitz Alwy should choose for his father director this severe and melancholy character. He was in high estimation with the Superior, a good but weak old man, and his actions were always strange, sometimes mysterious. This monastery lay in the wildest part of the immense forest of Mont Eagle, which topped a ridge of rocks and extended for above ten miles. It was situated on the highest pinnacle of the rock, and the ascent was rough and painful—there was a subterraneous communication from the Castle, of which Sebastian alone possessed the key. Father Bertrand had likewise remarked to Sir Philip, that Clement seemed
to

to think more of this monk's conduct than he chose to reveal, and they had long wished he were no longer the Confessor of Mont Eagle.—As Sir Philip sat wrapt in these ruminations, a light step was heard, and Stanley entered in his dressing robe.

‘How, Philip?’ (he whispered) ‘do I find *you* here? I came to watch by the side of Edwin, who I find would not admit of the attendance of Fitz John in his bed-chamber: I have awaited the disappearance of that horrible-looking Monk, who regards me with an eye that affrights my soul; he almost threw Fitz William into convulsions, on his awaking, and finding him at the foot of his bed.’

‘Ah, my brother!’ (continued young Stanley) ‘how unlike he is to our Father Bertrand!’

‘Yes,’ (replied Sir Philip) ‘he is indeed very different; but we must not judge him too harshly, Stanley; illness may have given

‘ given to his figure that gaunt look—it
 ‘ may have dressed those features in that
 ‘ ghastly smile - - - - but, in faith, I do
 ‘ not like him either.’

‘ You are pale and languid ; Philip, you
 ‘ must retire to your chamber, I have
 ‘ watched your o’ercast countenance all
 ‘ the day, but I have avoided questioning
 ‘ you on a subject which I see yields you
 ‘ so much pain.’

‘ Ah, my brother ! I am indeed suffering
 ‘ under the severest anguish of mind, and
 ‘ it is an anguish that admits of no relief !’
 — Sir Philip covered his face with his
 hands, and sighed deeply. ‘ I hear, Stanley,
 ‘ Sir Bevis de Wilton was found at Roslyn
 ‘ Fortress—how, in the name of all the
 ‘ Saints, came he there ? how was he
 ‘ dressed ? where did he first appear ?’—

‘ As to how he came there,’ (replied Stanley)
 ‘ it might be on a broom-stick, or a
 ‘ moon-beam ; but that he was there, I
 ‘ fancy he knows to his sorrow, if he lives,
 ‘ —Edwin’s

‘ — Edwin’s steel, I assure you, often drank
 ‘ his blood ; he was in black armour, and
 ‘ we first saw him in the hall of Roslyn—
 ‘ I trust in God he is no more.’

‘ Amen !’ — (replied Sir Philip) ‘ the serpent will then be removed from the bosom of Fitz Alwy’—As he was speaking, a violent blowing of the horn at the Castle gates aroused them ; they were closed for the night, but violent and repeated peals seemed to have awakened the Castle, for all was bustle and confusion. Stanley and Sir Philip arousing Fitz John, who slept in the adjoining apartment, desired him to look to Sir Edwin, while they descended.

They met in the gallery many knights who had arisen in the bustle which surrounded them ; Sir Morcar de Mowbray and Fitz Alwy joined them in the hall, and inquired the reason of this disturbance ; when the Warden appeared and asked permission to open the gates. It was requested

quested in the name of Lord Tankerville by his esquire—each noble now recollected the absence of his Lordship, and Sir Morcar exclaimed—

‘ Oh, in truth I have not seen my worthy friend this night : inclination, I am sure, notwithstanding his love of knight-errantry, would never have kept him out during the night—prythee admit him.’

‘ Surely,’ (replied Fitz Alwy), ‘ but I must be informed that treachery is not in the case ; it is so extraordinary a circumstance that Tankerville, of all knights in the world, should be eaves-dropping at this hour of the night.’

After due care had been taken, and every inquiry made, the unfortunate object of their discussion entered, in a plight which indeed caused tears—but I fear the tears were from a violent excess of laughter, which not one of the knights present could withstand.

He appeared leaning upon the arm of an
esquire

esquire who looked as deplorable as himself; not adorned in his beautiful enamelled armour and rose-coloured scarf, not even had he his shield or his brilliant crest left to him—but in his undermost attire, which was torn and disordered and from the dripping and dirty condition of his hair and clothes it was plain to see he had been bathed in a river, neither pure or limpid.

‘Where have you been, my good knight?’ exclaimed Sir Morcar.

‘Been!’—(replied Lord Tankerville, starting from the arm on which he leaned, and plainly proving his disasters were only of the mind and dress)—‘I have been tormented, stripped, and beaten, by a pack of fiends: but whither and how?’—

‘Ah! how, how? dear Tankerville!’—(exclaimed the knights). ‘Give me some clothes and refreshments, and you shall know.’

The luckless knight was accommodated, and he then continued—

‘I no

‘ I no sooner heard’ (said Tankerville, assuming a gallant and valorous air) ‘ that my noble friend Fitz William had been robbed of his wife, than I summoned my esquires, and set forward full speed to chastise the outrageous Percy, and restore to him his lady. Long, long I pursued a useless and unsuccessful search, many were the miles I passed, many the difficulties I encountered; yet I and my faithful esquires journied on in search of glory! unmindful of the painful, tedious way.

‘ At length, after much hasty and violent riding, I arrived at a large forest!—it was Lord Roslyn’s, I believe,’ (Sir Morcar and the knights burst into laughter at the length of his journey); ‘ and now I heard the most doleful sounds of lamentation.’——‘Tis the business of a knight to succour the distressed!—and I turned from my path, into the thick and dark—some forest—when lo! on approaching, what

' what should meet my astonished gaze—
 ' but *seventy* knights bound to diffe-
 ' rent trees, *guarded by a troop of others!*
 ' One of the bound knights, I immediately
 ' recognized to be Lord Roslyn ; I in-
 ' stantly attacked the guard, whom I
 ' imagined might consist of ten or twenty
 ' knights—these I shortly vanquished !—it
 ' ill befits a knight to speak of his own
 ' deeds.——I cut away the cords that
 ' bound Lord Roslyn, and freed him from
 ' his uncomfortable situation, and then re-
 ' leased the other knights ! No sooner, my
 ' Lords, had I freed them, than they asked
 ' me whither I was bent ?—I said, on *chas-*
 ' *tising* the Percy, and restoring Lord Fitz
 ' William, his lady ! and even recounted
 ' to them, my Lords, the perils I had gone
 ' through, and the battles I had fought
 ' with their guards, when — oh shame
 ' to the honour of knight-errantry ! you
 ' will scarcely credit their baseness and in-
 ' gratitude,—when, instead of returning me
 ' thanks

' thanks for the good I had done them,
 ' they called me a liar and a braggadocio,
 ' reviled my deeds and my pursuits, tore me
 ' from my horse, robbed me of my armour,
 ' beat both me and my esquires almost to
 ' death, and, binding me hand and foot,
 ' carried me to a muddy pool hard by, and
 ' dipped and reduced me to the plight you
 ' saw me !'—

There ended the crest-fallen Lord ; while
 the nobles, particularly Sir Morcar, vainly
 endeavoured to restrain their laughter at
 the lying boasts he had intermixed with
 his narrative : he, however, kindly took
 him to his room, consoled him by every
 attention in his power, and then left him to
 repose.

Sir Philip returned again to the chamber
 of Edwin ; Stanley could not persuade him
 to retire, but his bodily fatigue was evi-
 dent, for he had not lain long on the couch
 in Edwin's room, ere he fell into a deep
 repose.

repose. Stanley watched his countenance with the utmost anxiety, but his sleep was deep and undisturbed, and he hoped the painful exertions of his mind at length had ceased. At this moment Edwin awoke, and asked for drink—on Stanley's presenting it to him,

'My dear Fitz Aubrey,' (he weakly said,) 'I cannot suffer your affectionate attention to deprive you of rest,—but is that Monk gone?—Oh yes, I am happy he is departed, he even pressed me to confession, when I was so weak I could scarcely articulate; he is a harsh friar!'

'He pressed you to confession? Unfeeling monster! Believe me, my dear Edwin, there is not the smallest danger to be apprehended from your wounds.' - - -

'Unless indeed,' (as the Monk remarked,) 'the steel which wounded me, was poisoned.'

'Poisoned!' (exclaimed Stanley, absolutely

lutely enraged,) ‘ Oh ! he is a poison-dealing monk !—I hate that man.—Try again to take repose, Edwin.’

‘ I have not the smallest fear,’ (replied Edwin with a smile) ‘ I already feel infinitely better, but should be much more so, were you at rest,—dear Fitz Aubrey ! Lie down at any rate by my side, here you can sleep.’

And Stanley, seeing that Edwin was distressed by his remaining up, laid down by his side ; and these two affectionate and gallant youths were soon lulled into a calm repose.

The grey mists were beginning to dispel, when a strange dream appeared to the fancy of Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey. He thought that Edwin lay dying in his chamber at Wolfnorth, and that the late Baron of Falconberg approached, and told him that a similar fate had destroyed them both, and by the same means ; when the young De Montague expired in his arms.—The vision

sion had afflicted him in his sleep, even unto tears, and at last, with the impulse of his feelings, he awoke. The expiring lamp's faint ray was mingled with the blue dawn which faintly burst through his purple window-curtains; the room was scarcely illumined, but as Sir Philip raised himself upon his elbow, a form appeared gliding through the apartment, and at length arrived at the foot of Edwin's bed—deep sighs followed—Sir Philip arose, and approached the bed; what was his astonishment to perceive the spirit of the late Lord Falconberg! His countenance was sad, but meekly mild, and the heart of Fitz Aubrey was only inspired with feelings of regret and affection. The shadowy form cast on the sleeping Edwin a look of pity, a sigh laboured in its heaving breast; and at length regarding Sir Philip in a supplicating manner, it slowly murmured—

‘ Preserve, Fitz Aubrey, the last of the
 ‘ noble house of Montague, from destruc-
 ‘ tion.’—

tion.—The cock at this moment crowed ;
—and the spirit uttering a faint shriek,
vanished into air.

Sir Philip now anxiously turned his regards upon the sleeping youth : his brother lay by his side, and they appeared to enjoy a placid and undisturbed slumber ; the idea of Edwin's death plunged him into a deluge of grief, and he hung over him, and wept in silence ; he then uttered a fervent prayer for the poor boy's safety, and retiring once more to his couch, slept till the morn.

On the following day, all the patients and their attendant friends found themselves much improved in health : but Sir Philip, impressed with anxiety from his dream, watched Edwin with the utmost attention ; no symptoms, however, appeared to warrant his apprehensions, for Edwin seemed evidently so much better, that a few days promised to release him from his confinement. Sir Philip found himself wonderfully recovered, and Ethel-

burga congratulated him with the warmest affection, on his returning good looks.

Fitz Alwy remarked this change with delight, which he could not conceal, for the events of the last day, and the depression of Ethelburga and Sir Philip had marred the pleasure of his tournament. Lord Tankerville had early on the morning repaired to Lord Fitz William, and declared to him his melancholy state, and related his adventures, and Theodore, in spite of his wounds, could not refrain from many a hearty laugh. He, however, thanked him sincerely for his kind intentions, and immediately began to consider, what could be done for the unfortunate Knight, who had lost all his armour. Lady Fitz William pointed out, that the figure of Lord Tankerville so much resembled her Lord's, that his armour would most likely fit him, until the esquire he had sent to Tankerville Castle could return with his accoutrements. Accordingly he put them

them on, and they indeed answered him exactly; and the Fitz Williams smiled to see him strut about with his borrowed coat of arms, which Sir Morcar promised should not be disgraced. But the horse, how was he to ride the horse? Fitz William's, although light and tender-mouthed, was full of spirit and of speed, and would ill agree with the ambling pace of the palfrey his Lordship had been accustomed to ride. Eva again removed this difficulty, for her gentle palfrey, her reins and saddle-cloth, would well befit him; and Tankerville appeared a motley assemblage of rose colour and pale blue—in which attire Sir Morcar led him through the whole court, to the amusement of every spectator.

Sir Morcar and his party were much incensed at the sight of Walter de Segrave, Lord Roslyn, Calma and Elphin: but they were delighted to see, that they were all disabled from doing present mischief, ex-

cepting Walter. Lord Roslyn's arm was in a sling, Calma was lame, and Elphin bound in a thousand manners.

The Baron de Warrenne and his party heartily congratulated the gallant youths on their success, and Adela and Agnes paid Eva a visit in the chamber of her lord: Ethelburga remarked with concern the increasing melancholy of Sir Vortimer; she in vain endeavoured to rally him into spirits, his mind was overcast with grief, and some cruel disease seemed to prey upon his heart: he leaned on the back of Ethelburga's throne, but was apparently inattentive to every passing object: but she remarked, that on the appearance of his father, he rallied, and endeavoured to conceal his depression. To Adela, Ethelburga took notice of his grief, and she replied,—

‘ Alas! poor Vortimer has, I fear, sufficient cause for his sorrow, the idea of his grief embitters all my happiness: but

‘but you will cease to wonder at it, when
‘you hear, that he loves one whom I
‘fear my father will never consent to his
‘espousing ; but indeed wishes him to
‘wed another.’—

Her conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mont Eagle, who placed himself between her and Ethelburga, and he declared his intention of resigning the lists this day to his guests. He conversed with her concerning the conduct of Earl Percy, which he highly reprobated, and expressed his astonishment at his committing so wild and senseless an action.—He laboured to convince her of the ardour and sincerity of his affection, he paid her the most unremitting attentions, which she received with her usual amiability of manner, but which seemed not for a moment to affect her heart.

Chap. VII.

"He must not fall like a fire from Heaven,
"Whose p'ace is not mark'd in the ground."

Ossian.

THIS day the lists were opened by the Prince of Wales ; who, being unopposed by Fitz Alwy, carried away his laurels untarnished : he defeated Walter de Segrave and Edmund de Welle ; he unhorsed Sir Felix de Lucy, and overcame Sir Norbert de Mandeville, and completed his conquests by subduing the Earl of Windermere. He again received the prize ; and on quitting the ring, Harold the brave knight of Penrith entered it.

How dexterously he reined his light grey steed ! and as his crimson cloak was
blown

blown by the wind, and his feathers waved wildly o'er his casque, he looked above mortality ; a native wildness was in his fine dark eye, as wild as the mountains of his country, but it was an expression of animated and untamed generosity, and had nought of ferocity in it.

Lord Fitz Albin was the first to encounter him, but the combat lasted not long, for Fitz Albin was a baby in the field compared to Harold.

Sir Bertrand de Trent now appeared : his armour was black, inlaid with silver ; a purple scarf, and purple and silver trappings ; his appearance was gloomy, as was his countenance. His coat of arms was antique ; field purple, a sable bend, on which were three crozlets argent ; his crest, a black raven. He fought, with much sagacity and coolness : on inquiring his name, he proved to be a knight of Leicester, and was well known as " the Trent Knight, or Sir Bertrand of the Spectres,"

"Spectres," from his having encountered the spirit of the Sable Knight on the banks of the river Trent: but he was no opponent for Harold, who vanquished him.

The Baron Dun Rock met a similar fate: And now appeared to encounter this brave Cambrian, Lord de Morthemmer. They were skilful opponents, and afforded the court a great treat; but after much contention, Harold remained master of the field.

The handsome and elegant bachelor of Sir Morcar next arrived for the fight—Edwert de Dunstaville. This noble youth was heir to the barony of De Dunstaville, and bore the arms of that family—a field of crimson and pale azure divided in the midst, on which was an eagle displayed in fine gold: he bore this beautiful coat with great dignity for so young a knight.

Nothing could equal his attachment to
the

the gallant Mowbray, whom it was his acknowledged pride to imitate and copy in all his actions. He wore a suit of plain high-polished steel, a crimson baldrick bore his glittering sword, which was worked with many eaglets of fine gold; and the golden eagle was likewise his crest: his horse was jet black, and his trappings crimson embroidered with gold.

Sir Morcar was gratified by the praises bestowed upon his favourite, which were repeated by every tongue, more particularly by the ladies, and he fought in a most gallant style. Harold was delighted with him, and kept up the tilt for some time; he would willingly have yielded to so honourable a young warrior, had not the honour of his prince and country been concerned—but when he vanquished Sir Edwert, he did it in so handsome a manner, that De Dunsterville requested to be ranked amongst his friends; the bond of amity was concluded, and they retired arm in

arm to the pavilion, where Harold received the reward of his valour.

Ferdinand de Montbouchier, a foreigner of prepossessing and majestic appearance, and a strenuous candidate for fame, next appeared.

To encounter him, appeared Godfrey of Valance, who bore a pale-blue banner, and who was apparelled in grey; he was kinsman to the worthy Aymer, and united at once gentleness and valour. These two young knights formed an interesting picture; at length the Montbouchier gained the victory, but both of them too modest to aspire to a prize, quitted the ring to give entrance to the nobles.

The cousin of the gallant Arthur, Lord Penmenmaur, who had been ill ever since his arrival in Northumberland, now appeared: he was a handsome and a gallant knight, but not of an age to share the ardours and the impetuosity of youth.

Algernon Mont Bernard, an antient

se to oppose him: he was clothed in
 in steel, and bore a baldrick of vermillion,
 his shield was a vermillion field, with
 monstrous black boar: his horse was a
 ck, his housings vermeil, and his crest a
 den monster. His appearance was hor-
 e, but he had a handsome face,
 l gave the Baron a great deal of
 ible; who, after he had vanquished
 n, found himself too weak to retain
 e field without running a chance of
 ling his honour, and he resigned it to
 Lewellin ap Maur, who fought and was
 ercome by Sir Guy Fitz Piers, but who
 is in his turn subdued by Sir Carlovin du
 ke.

Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, Sir Elis
 Aubigny, and Lord de Lucy, now enter-
 d the ring together, and challenged the
 hole court. They were encountered by
 ord de Marchmont, Gault Biron Redoubt,
 nd Walter de ~~Wynne~~. The De Warrenne
 nty never appeared to be much of a soldier
 s when they were fighting in the tournament.

~~Elizabeth~~

Ethelburga remarked the eyes of the beautiful Agnes riveted upon Sir Vortimer, and by their expression and the varying tint of her cheek she guessed the secret of their hearts, and keenly did she regret the luckless destiny which placed an obstacle between them. Never did Agnes appear so lovely! her soft and delicate countenance was veiled by the thinnest gauze, which flew around her slim form. She was a little creature, with alabaster skin, soft blue eyes, and golden hair, which waved luxuriantly down her shoulders: a violet-coloured zone surrounded her waist, buckled by a clasp of oriental pearls, which likewise confined her long tresses from incommoding her lovely eyes.

Ethelburga whispered Fitz Alwy to remark how beautiful the form of Agnes appeared: he started—and making no reply, his silence and the colour which flushed his cheek struck the Baroness with surprise; but as soon as it had passed away,
a frown

a frown o'ercast his brow, and he gazed on Ethelburga in a keen and earnest manner.

The three knights of Elfwold had now vanquished their opponents, and again ordered the challenge to be proclaimed: the timid glance of Sir Vortimer sought his Agnes—and she smiled her commendations on him with the expression of an angel.

Now they encountered the Baron Dun Rock, Aldo of Thomond, and Comal Lord Cromla, whom they likewise overcame; and yet awaited other opponents. Sir Philip and Sir Morcar were loud in their plaudits, seldom perhaps had there appeared in the ring so beautiful and gallant a trio. As they rested from their toils, Sir Fingal Dunbardon, Sir Tristram of Eagleburgh, and Sir John de St. John, appeared to combat with them; but the gallant knights were destined to receive the prizes, and soon laid them in the dust.

Ethelburga requested Agnes would bestow

stow one prize, and Augustine another—Agnes trembled at the request, for no sooner was it known that she had one to bestow, than Sir Vortimer knelt at her feet. Augustine bestowed the prize on De Lucy, which Stanley did not see without emotions of jealousy; and Sir Morcar, to whom he was talking, enjoyed no small entertainment from the tremulous changes of his voice, and the various tints that succeeded each other on his cheek. Sir Eliss was highly gratified at receiving his prize from the hand of Ethelburga.

Fitz Alwy seemed inclined to close the lists; but Walter de Segrave again entered the ring, and while they were waiting in high expectation to see who should oppose this bad but brave man, their astonishment was aroused by perceiving the heralds of Lord Tankerville, apparently waiting to enter the ring, and soon his Lordship appeared.

‘What are you going to do, Tankerville?’

‘ville?’ (exclaimed Sir Morcar.) ‘To
 ‘punish yon knight for the insult offered
 ‘to me yesterday by him and his compa-
 ‘nion!’ (exclaimed Lord Tankerville.)

Sir Morcar could scarcely believe his
 senses; but being really apprehensive for
 the safety of this good-natured though
 thoughtless being, he thus replied—

‘I do not think you right; it is,
 ‘believe me, lowering yourself too much
 ‘to engage this man, after his conduct
 ‘to you; in short the laws of chivalry
 ‘will not allow of it, and I know how
 ‘much you estimate them—but you shall
 ‘not be unrevenged; I will punish him
 ‘myself, and proclaim to the court the
 ‘reason of it.’

‘By the valour of my fathers!’ (exclaim-
 ed Lord Tankerville) ‘I would not out-
 ‘rage the laws of chivalry for the world;—
 ‘under that idea, my dear friend, I will
 ‘resign Sir Walter to his fate from your
 ‘hands:’—and turning a contemptuous
 sneer

sneer upon De Segrave, he walked stately away from the pavilion, and ordered his heralds to proclaim the following harangue, while Sir Morcar prepared for the affray:

“ To revenge the cowardly and un-
 “ knightly insult offered by thee, De Se-
 “ grave and companions, to our Lord of
 “ Tankerville, of the valiant race of the
 “ Tankervilles, of Tankerville Castle in
 “ Northumberland, after he had done thee
 “ the kindness of setting thee and thy com-
 “ panions free from the trees in Roslyn
 “ Forest, where thou wast bound, hand and
 “ foot, by half thy number ; and which to
 “ do, he had gone through numerous perils,
 “ and fought many battles, not knowing
 “ by whom ye had been bound—to revenge
 “ this unknightly conduct, the renowned
 “ and valiant Morcar de Mowbray doth
 “ challenge thee to be chastised ; it not
 “ being consistent with the laws of chivalry
 “ for the Lord of Tankerville to demean
 “ himself by chastising thee personally.”

Sir

Sir Morcar, when he heard the pompous declaration, could not steady his spear in rest, from excess of laughter. Lord Tankerville, mounted on the Countess of Fitz William's horse, drew up close to the ring, to see his cause so gallantly espoused ; and he made a truly ridiculous appearance, contrasted to the combatants. De Segrave sneered at his opponent, but at the same time, he evidently put forth his utmost skill,—it was in vain ; De Mowbray now felt himself avenging an injured man, and he not only overthrew De Segrave, but wounded him severely.

This put an end to the tournament ; the guests, well satisfied with the noble display of heroes, repaired to the Castle, to partake of the banquet and the dance. De Mowbray felt the highest delight, at the praises bestowed on him by his Adela ; the heart of the gallant chieftain was deeply wounded with love, and he displayed the tenderness he felt, in a manly and sensible conduct,
tempered

tempered by the most persuasive softness, which was the more strikingly felt, because so seldom awakened. He looked forward to the day, that would bestow on him the hand of Adela de Warrenne, as a day almost too full of bliss for the enjoyment of mortals ; and he gazed upon his lovely mistress incessantly, until his heart seemed to have taken flight from his bosom, and flown to the feet of Adela,—who certainly returned his affection with equal warmth, although of a grave and placid disposition. He detested the idea of the coming night, which would part him for awhile from his adored, and he hung in delight upon her accents, as if he was in danger of losing them for ever. Each hour that Ethelburga became more intimately acquainted with Adela, she loved her more, and wished most earnestly for that day to arrive, which would unite them closely to each other.

As night drew on, Sir Philip became
melaucholy ;

melancholy ; he dreaded its approach, although fully determined to fly his chamber no more, but to endeavour to discover the mysteries of the Castle, and to speak to the restless spirit, should it again appear.

He found Father Sebastian in Edwin's chamber, and the youth was greatly agitated by his presence ; he had again been urging him to confession, but Edwin found himself daily recovering, and as he was determined never to confess to any other than Father Bertrand, he avoided replying to the Monk. Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose had been harassed in a similar manner ; as the Monk was quitting the apartment, he looked expressively at Sir Philip, who for a moment started, and would have interrogated or followed him, had he not been withheld by Sir Ethelred, who exclaimed,—

‘ My dear Fitz Aubrey, for God's sake
 ‘ recall not that ill-favoured Monk ! he
 ‘ has

' has already been reading me a lecture
 ' upon the danger of rash friendships, con-
 ' cealments from those whom we are placed
 ' with, and the fatal consequences of curio-
 ' sity.—He plagues my life away ! it is in
 ' vain I ask for another confessor to be
 ' sent for, although the monastery is not
 ' a mile distant : Fitz Alwy will oblige me
 ' to confess to that Monk, I like him not,
 ' nay, I hate him !—and between you and me,
 ' I think sometimes there is strange work
 ' going on between him and the Baron : they
 ' oft times go by private ways to the mo-
 ' nastery,—yet, although they remain there
 ' for hours, none of the brotherhood have
 ' ever seen them.'—Ethelred hesitated for
 want of breath, but his expressive eye was
 still cast in anger on the door at which the
 Monk withdrew.—He had been removed
 from his apartments adjacent to the Baron
 on account of his illness, and he now oc-
 cupied those over the Lord of Tankerville
 —at length he continued :—' One day,
 ' Sebastian

‘ Sebastian and the Baron had set forward
 ‘ on one of their mysterious rambles, telling
 ‘ me as they went, that they were going to
 ‘ the monastery; when the Baron Dun Rock
 ‘ arrived, he said he must see Mont Eagle
 ‘ immediately, I therefore scrambled up
 ‘ those rough-hewn steps to St. Augustine,
 ‘ and when I arrived, asked for the Baron.
 ‘ —The Monks, with one accord, declared
 ‘ he had not been there, unless he was with
 ‘ the Abbot. To the Abbot I went, and
 ‘ told him my errand; my Lord certainly
 ‘ was *not there*, but the old man quivering
 ‘ with age, arose; and telling me to return,
 ‘ said, that the Baron would be at the
 ‘ Castle before me!—and assuredly he was
 ‘ so. But I received a severe reprimand
 ‘ for questioning the brothers, and not
 ‘ going at once to the Abbot.—And Father
 ‘ Sebastian—the saints forgive me!—he
 ‘ looked more like a devil than a Monk.’—
 Ethelred again ceased for want of breath ;
 Sir

Sir Philip was locked in deep attention, when the youth continued—‘ I one day
 ‘ endeavoured to find this secret passage in
 ‘ vain, and I got enough for my pains,—
 ‘ for I lost myself in the vaults, where the
 ‘ most dismal cries and groans assailed my
 ‘ ears! I never shall forget it! I attempted
 ‘ to discover whence the sounds proceeded,
 ‘ but in vain, for on moving either to the
 ‘ right or the left, I found myself more dis-
 ‘ tant : in this dilemma, I wandered I
 ‘ know not how long, till at length, as ill
 ‘ fate would have it, I arrived at a door,
 ‘ which opening, I popped upon Father
 ‘ Sebastian! who stared at me as if I had
 ‘ been a ghost.—He asked me, in no gen-
 ‘ tle accents, how I came there?—and in
 ‘ truth I looked like a fool. But, Heaven
 ‘ knows! I suffered, for my curiosity, a
 ‘ persecution of three months at least!’—

Sir Philip had listened attentively to this recital: the sight in the vaults, and the
 cries

cries Ethelred had overheard, might have some connexion with each other—he shuddered.

‘But,’ (continued Sir Ethelred,) ‘my old friend Father Clement told me, that he suspected these visits of the Baron’s were to Father Ignatius, a very strange character, who dwelt somewhere in a secret part of the monastery, but whose person he had never been able to see, and who did not mix with the other brothers.’ Mont Rose at length ceased: Sir Philip sat with him for some time, but was disturbed by the entrance of Sir Guy Fitz Piers, who, on pretence of telling Ethelred the events of the tournament, took his station in the room, to the great annoyance of the sick youth.

At the banquet, Fitz Alwy appeared a thousand times more fascinating than ever; there was an ease and hilarity in his manner, the seeming result of a virtuous and unclouded mind, which banished from Sir Philip

Sir Philip put up his sword, and taking Father Sebastian into his dressing-room, requested to know the purport of his visit — a loud peal of thunder for a moment prevented his reply.

‘ I come,’ (said the Monk,) ‘ urged by
 ‘ the ill health of the Baron, which origi-
 ‘ nates from his mind dwelling in secret
 ‘ upon the supposed murder of his father,—
 ‘ from me, I need not say, he has no secrets;
 ‘ and he has informed me of the commu-
 ‘ nication you had with him at Wolf-
 ‘ north, upon this subject : —but, my son,
 ‘ I must caution you to avoid conversing
 ‘ with the Baron on this painful topic,—
 ‘ his mind, you see, is not strong enough
 ‘ to support the pressure of these afflicting
 ‘ reflections,—sleep flies his pillow,—peace
 ‘ his days ; the sufferings of his mind are
 ‘ plainly written in his emaciated coun-
 ‘ tenance ; avoid, therefore, conversing
 ‘ with him on these dreadful events : if
 ‘ there is any thing to avenge’—(the light-
 ning

ning at this moment glared athwart his countenance, he raised his hand before his eyes, and a tremendous peal of thunder broke over his head,—he hesitated for a moment) — ‘ If there is any thing to ‘ avenge, we can do it surely without ‘ wounding the Baron’s feelings,—but I ‘ am not perfectly aware of the circum- ‘ stances to which you allude,—will you ‘ inform me on this point?’

‘ To which circumstances do you revert, ‘ Father?’ (said Sir Philip).

‘ Nay,’ (replied the Monk, in a hollow sarcastic tone,) ‘ can you not comprehend ‘ the circumstances I allude to?’

‘ Osmond, the Baron of Mont Eagle’s ‘ murder?’—asked Sir Philip. Another awful peal overcame his voice, they were both for some moments silent; till the Monk subjoined in a faltering tone —

‘ How do you ascertain it to be a mur- ‘ der, my son? and who do you sus- ‘ pect?’—

‘ The

‘ The Baron’s father’——Sir Philip was proceeding, when the Monk started from his seat, and in a voice scarce human, cried—

‘ How?’——Sir Philip was appalled.
—He continued—

‘ The Baron’s father, Osmond Lord Fitz Alwy, I have no doubt was murdered by his brother, Lord Fitz Arnulf.’---Sebastian seemed to recover himself; he again sat down and asked,---

‘ Is there no doubt?’---

‘ It is not to be doubted,---alas! my mind is too well assured of it.’---

‘ Recount to me your reasons for forming this decided opinion, my son’---said the Monk.

Sir Philip hesitated, he liked not Father Sebastian; he lifted his eyes upon the countenance of the Monk, the lamp threw its rays aslant over his features.---His looks were horrible and appalling; his eyes deep sunk in his forehead, were fixed on him
with

with piercing scrutiny. Sir Philip found nought to encourage confidence, and remained silent.—The Monk now severely pronounced,—

‘ Have you aught within your breast,
 ‘ that you fear to reveal?—Think you to
 ‘ read men’s hearts by their countenances?
 ‘ —Would you read a book by its title-
 ‘ page.— Doth not my holy profession—
 ‘ the sanctity of my character, give you
 ‘ confidence?—Is this the result of hard
 ‘ penance and solitary prayer, which have
 ‘ robbed my looks of their healthy, open
 ‘ cast?—Unfeeling young man! think
 ‘ you, your observations on my emaciated
 ‘ person pass unobserved by me? no—My
 ‘ wan look, the result of suffering and study,
 ‘ hath closed your heart against a man,
 ‘ whom religion and piety should have
 ‘ taught you to revere.’

‘ Pardon me, holy Father,’ (returned
 Fitz Aubrey, who was hurt by the cutting
 remarks of the Monk,) ‘ my hesitation

‘ cannot be a proof of what you aver :—
 ‘ but I imagined Lord Fitz Alwy had in-
 ‘ formed you,—indeed I understood you,
 ‘ that he had informed you, all I told him.’

‘ If that is the case,’ (returned the Monk,)
 ‘ surely the Baron has done all in his
 ‘ power, by banishing from the Castle the
 ‘ persons you suspect ?’

‘ If he had banished them indeed, I should
 ‘ be more at ease.’

‘ *If* he had banished them !’ (replied the
 Monk, in unaffected surprise,) ‘ what can
 ‘ cause you to doubt it ?’

Sir Philip did not choose to repeat his
 adventures in the Castle and its vaults : but
 merely said, that he had recognized Sir Bevis
 de Wilton in the disguise of the black ar-
 mour ; and that he suspected Lord Hon-
 tercombe was yet in the Castle.

‘ If they are so,’ (returned the Monk in
 low accent,) ‘ it must be unknown to the
 ‘ Baron,—and I shall immediately make it
 ‘ my study to discover the truth.’

This

This idea was seized with avidity by Sir Philip, and he exonerated Fitz Alwy from harbouring the murderers of his father ; he was greatly relieved by this idea, and regarded the Monk in a more friendly and favourable manner.

The Monk now turned the conversation upon the marriage of Ethelburga ; he asked, if the will of the late Lord Falconberg was decisive, and if nothing could do it away ; Fitz Aubrey unequivocally told him, it was definitive, and that he was determined to see it fulfilled. The Monk then asked Sir Philip, if Fitz Alwy resembled his father ? —if he perfectly recollected Osmond ? —whether he had ever had young Ethel-morne, when an infant, in his arms ? whether he had any recollection of Fitz Arnulf and his young son ? and many other apparently indifferent questions, to all of which, Fitz Aubrey gave faithful and unequivocal answers.—The Monk then continued—

‘ You

' You are surprised, no doubt, not to see
 ' the son of the late Lord Fitz Arnulf at
 ' Mont Eagle! but your surprise will cease,
 ' when you are informed of his conduct.
 ' From a child, he has possessed a melan-
 ' choly and artful deportment ; there is no
 ' probing the depth of his deceit and cun-
 ' ning, which an apparently open manner
 ' assists him to be the less suspected. Lord
 ' Fitz Arnulf in some way resembles his
 ' cousin; but from the moment reason
 ' took possession of her throne, envy of his
 ' cousin's wealth, honours, and accomplish-
 ' ments, have been his ruling passion,—
 ' nay, so far has this carried him, that he
 ' even planned, and nearly accomplished
 ' his cousin's death !'

' Death !'—exclaimed Sir Philip, shud-
 dering.

' Alas ! even so.---He one day disagreed
 ' with him on account of his possessions,
 ' which, he conceived, ought to be enlarged
 ' by his cousin: he drew upon him---
 ' combat

‘ combat ensued; Fitz Alwy merely sought
 ‘ to parry his attacks,---while the other
 ‘ evidently aimed at his life.’

‘ We now thought it highly advisable
 ‘ to banish him the Castle,——and---and’
 (the Monk stammered, a flash of light-
 ning, a remnant of the storm, crossed the
 room) — ‘ he departed for the Fortress:
 ‘ but even now he attempted to way-lay his
 ‘ cousin, and had seduced one of the re-
 ‘ tainers of Mont Eagle for this purpose.
 ‘ Fitz Alwy then thought it expedient to
 ‘ terrify him into better conduct. He
 ‘ stationed his troops around the Fortress,
 ‘ and feigned a siege, which, I need not add,
 ‘ was a mere stratagem, and which indeed
 ‘ succeeded, for he has conducted himself
 ‘ quietly ever since.

‘ Whenever they meet in field or
 ‘ tournament court, Fitz Arnulf always
 ‘ attacks him with unbounded fury; while
 ‘ Ethelmorne, with all the tender genero-
 ‘ sity of his nature, generally avoids van-
 ‘ quishing

‘quishing him; and yields the combat,
 ‘in hopes of lessening the rancour of his
 ‘heart---but, alas ! I fear, in vain.’

The Monk now rose, and wishing Fitz Aubrey a peaceful night, stalked from the apartment. Sir Philip, when he had departed, sat for some time reflecting on their converse,---he could not give credit to the whole of Sebastian’s account of young Fitz Arnulf.---

‘And yet,’ (he exclaimed,) ‘is it not
 ‘natural that the offspring of such a mon-
 ‘ster should inherit his vices?’

The storm was now hushed. The spirit of the winds had flown to other shores, and Sir Philip, fatigued with thought, retired to repose.

In the morning, the gay assemblage separated. The lovely Baroness of Falconberg, accompanied by Prince Arthur and his train, set off for Wolfnorth. Harold, and Stanley Fitz Aubrey, remained with the wounded Edwin, and they anxiously
 watched

watched him, in order that he might be well enough to attend the tournament at Elfwold.

The Prince gaily conversed with the Baroness, her cousin, and Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, as they passed along : he admired the romantic forests of Mont Eagle, and gazed with wonder at the extensive fortifications and the massy towers of Wolf-north. Fitz Aubrey was charmed with the Prince's manners, and the good sense and piety he displayed in his conversation ; he now shone resplendent, and the good Warden sighed a secret wish, that Fitz Alwy had resembled his royal guest. He even thought him a dangerous rival ; and would have trembled for Ethelburga's peace of mind, had not the perfect ease with which she conversed with him, and the unembarrassed gracefulness of her manners and looks assured him, that her heart was unmoved : and he now began to suspect, that his dear child's bosom was susceptible of
every

every feeling but that of love: to Father Bertrand he made known his ideas, but that pious man shook his venerable head.---Awful foreboding fears had visited him since their absence, and, strange as it appeared, he declared that the spirit of Lord Falconberg wandered by night throughout the Castle, and awoke its echoing halls to groans and sighs.

They were rejoiced to find Dunthalmo in the saloon with his cousin, when they arrived: the Prince in a moment was in his arms, and he questioned him a thousand times, how he came to the North? and in what cause he had received his wounds? The trembling of his form,---the blushes which tinged his cheek,---the fire that darted from his expressive eyes, when Ethelburga approached--betrayed to Prince Arthur, the secret of his heart; and the story stood at once to him unveiled. He endeavoured to console the gallant Arden, by informing him of the defeat he
had

had himself sustained from Fitz Alwy. But the noble youth, on hearing the defeat of his friend, only felt rekindled animosity arise in his heart, against the presumptuous Chieftain of Mont Eagle,---nor did the presence of the Falconbergs prevent his giving his opinion of him in the most open terms ; in which he was joined by his kinsman, Malcolm of Inistore.

Sir Philip paid his royal guest the most marked and most sincere attention ; he welcomed him to the Castle with an air of graceful hilarity, that won the Cambrian hero's heart,---who declared, that if Sir Philip was for ever to remain president at the Castle of Wolfnorth, he should prove, he feared, a too frequent and troublesome guest,-----but he sighed, and turned away as he subjoined---

‘ This, I find, is not the case.’—

After the banquet, the harps of the minstrels struck up in wild and melodious notes : they complimented the Prince

by

by performing during the evening the music, the sweet melodious music of his country, and by chaunting the deeds of his ancestors and their noble lineage. Sir Philip, as he looked around, regretted the absence of Sir Edwin Montague and his lively brother! Seldom had he been so happy; but his heart, even now, dwelt incessantly upon the dangers, awful and unseen, which seemed to threaten the gentle Edwin; and although he knew him to be safe under the care of the affectionate Stanley, to whom he had stated his dream, and the appearance of the spirit which had appeared to him, warning him of Edwin's death, still an anxiety he could not dismiss, o'erexpressed his heart; and when Sir Vortimer de Warrenne came to the Castle the following day, he discovered to him by his manner his great uneasiness.

'Your anxiety, my dear Sir Philip, for
'Sir Edwin Montague, I can well ima-
'gine; under the roof with his mortal
'enemy,

‘ enemy, Sir Bevis de Wilton, he is not safe ;
 ‘ particularly at *such* a place ! where no
 ‘ iniquity is too great to be practised ! ’ (Sir
 Philip looked earnestly at him) — ‘ You will
 ‘ shortly be convinced of what I tell you
 ‘ — your brother even will not be sufficient
 ‘ to protect him . ’

‘ Good God ! Sir Vortimer, what can
 ‘ you mean to insinuate ? Is not the Baron
 ‘ himself sufficient to protect De Mon-
 ‘ tague ? Oft times I remark yourself and
 ‘ family cast hints of black obscure mean-
 ‘ ing upon Fitz Alwy — Oh Vortimer ! let
 ‘ not hasty passion, or sentiments of revenge,
 ‘ instigate you to defame the Baron — you
 ‘ know not how you rack my soul ! Alas !
 ‘ are you not informed that he is the des-
 ‘ tined husband of my Ethelburga ? and
 ‘ can you not imagine how much these
 ‘ dark surmises wound my heart ? ’

‘ I do, Sir Philip — Heaven knows ! I *do*
 ‘ feel for you from the bottom of my heart.
 ‘ I well know all your feelings, all the up-
 ‘ rightness

' rightness of your heart---but is it not
 ' better to wound you *now*, while you may
 ' endeavour to avert the ruin that hangs over
 ' your head, in the destruction of the lovely
 ' and amiable object of your cares? Ah,
 ' Sir Philip! question me not at present,
 ' believe me, I am above the feelings of
 ' malice or revenge—but the exterior of
 ' the Baron alone is beautiful---fright-
 ' ful is he both in heart and mind!'

Sir Philip gazed upon him in agony.
 Sir Vortimer saw and keenly felt for him,
 he endeavoured to divert his thoughts, and
 thus continued---

' My father has caused to be prepared
 ' for Sir Edwin, a very comfortable set of
 ' apartments, next to Lord de Lucy--
 ' Your brothers and mine are also near:
 ' had we not better move him at once to
 ' Elfwold, as soon as he is well enough?
 ' *There*, I need not say, he will be safe, and
 ' your mind more at ease.'

' It would indeed,' (replied Sir Philip)
 ' and

‘and Edwin by to-morrow or next day
 ‘might be moved on a litter. Will you
 ‘go to Mont Eagle for me with a letter to
 ‘my brother? I know this errand is not
 ‘agrecable, but perhaps you will perform it
 ‘for me,---see Edwin, and if he is not con-
 ‘siderably better, let me know---the sooner
 ‘he is at Elfwold, the better.’

‘I will do any thing for you, Sir Philip---
 ‘you have but to command me.’

The good Warden pressed his hand affectionately, and sitting down wrote a hasty packet to his brother, which Sir Vortimer putting in his bosom, hastily mounted his steed, and proceeded with his esquire to Mont Eagle.

Sir Philip now told Father Bertrand all the events which had passed at Mont Eagle, and many hours was he in conversation with the good Abbot, who seemed to be greatly prejudiced against the Baron: he mentioned that the character he bore at Mont Eagle, was far from being a good
 one,

one, and his information came from brother Clement, whom he promised to question more particularly concerning his knowledge of him, as well as of the Baron's mystic visit to the monastery. When Sir Philip, however, retired to his chamber, sleep fled his pillow; he faintly distinguished the groan of the unhappy spirit of the Falconberg, as the whirlwind swept along the galleries; and sometimes his ghost half-formed appeared for a moment floating in the atmosphere, like the mists upon the breezes of the night.

The following day Fitz Alwy arrived at the Castle; and in spite of the solicitations of the Prince and Ethelburga, Lord Dunthalgo and his cousin at the same moment quitted Wolfnorth, and repaired to Elfwold, where they had been invited by the good Lord Wulstan de Warrenne.

Fitz Alwy seemed not delighted at the attentions paid by them to Prince Arthur, who evidently treated him with great coldness;

ness ; but from some secret motive, he of a sudden threw off his sullen humour, ran into the other extreme, loaded the Prince with civilities, and assuming at the same time the Chieftain of the Castle, manifested in an indelicate manner his eagerness to grasp the sceptre of government from the hands of Fitz Aubrey. Almost as soon as he arrived, he said to him---

‘ Sir Edwin Montague quits Mont Eagle this day ; I think this unnecessary haste extremely imprudent---neither can I imagine the cause of it. The Baron of Elfwold has likewise requested that my esquire, Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, may accompany him.’

Sir Philip, anxious that Fitz Alwy should not suspect the real cause, replied---
 ‘ The air of Mont Eagle is too keen for Edwin : it was my request that he should be moved to Elfwold, he has ever been extremely delicate in constitution, and this last illness is alarming ; the air at
 ‘ Elfwold

‘ Elfwold is particularly soft, the sea breezes
 ‘ will invigorate him, and I wish him to be
 ‘ well enough to attend the Baroness at the
 ‘ tournament.’

They were now joined by Ethelburga, the Prince, and party; they proposed a walk round the terrace. As they set out, Sir Stanley joined them, having come to Wolf-north in the excuse of getting some papers of Edwin’s, but, it was shrewdly suspected--to see his Augustine, whose absence he would not have endured excepting for Edwin’s sake. The terrace round the oldest part of the Castle was particularly beautiful; clothed by a thousand variegated shrubs, amongst which the laurel, the bay, and the rose, united their various beauties. Prince Arthur greatly admired this delightful scene; a solitary walk attracted his attention, it was planted solely with cypress, and he wandered to the spot. Sir Philip, Ethelburga, and Sir Morcar, evidently wished to avoid the place; but a low pedestal

destal had caught the eye of Fitz Alwy, and advancing to the rough-hewn monument, he read aloud this simple inscription—

Sacred
to
The Memory
of
The faithful Ryno.

‘ Ryno, Ryno !’ (repeated Fitz Alwy, seeming to recollect the name) ‘ I think I have heard something concerning Ryno— what is the history of this poor Ryno ?’

Sir Philip turned away. The party looked confused: Stanley, however replied——

‘ It is the grave of a faithful Danish dog, who attended his master from the wars, and when he was murdered, lay down to die upon his cloak and sword ---when I was a very youth, I saved
VOL. II. M this

‘ this poor dog’s memory from oblivion---for I was not willing that such symptoms of fidelity should be forgotten ; they were a lesson to the human race.’

Fitz Alwy evidently trembled, his countenance flushed with emotion : Ethelburga saw and pitied his distress, she pressed his arm ; but he turned away from the spot with a look of horror and disgust. Sir Philip expected far other emotions ; the tear due to Ryno’s fidelity already glistened in his eye, he sighed, and turned away.

Prince Arthur requested to know the particulars of this story ; but on a hint from Sir Morcar, dropped the subject, and led the way to another part of the terrace.

Stanley informed them, that Edwin and Ethelred were much recovered, and would be quite well enough to attend the festivities at Elfwold, though not to take any part in the combats of the knights ; and they returned to the Castle.

Chap. VIII.

“Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes in silence met. They turned away. They struck their shields. Their hands were trembling on their swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina dona. . . . The youth was lovely as the beam of the sun ; few were there who could meet him in the fight.”

Ossian.

NEVER was there a more enchanting morning than that on which the party quitted the vast towers of Wolfnorth, for De Warrenne's echoing halls. The sun shone with intense heat and splendour ; the air wantoned its light passing breezes, on which innumerable butterflies with their gaily-painted wings basked glittering along, and shewing their gilded bodies in

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the sun's bright rays. Birds carrol'd on each spray, and the lively spotted inhabitants of the transparent moat slept languid and inactive beneath its crystal surface. The air was perfumed by a thousand aromatic wild flowers, the hind panting in the shade, and the cattle, standing in the pool, suffered it to lave their idle feet.

Every heart save Sir Philip's beat with ardent expectation; and even *he* smiled amidst his sighs, as he watched with delight the lovely and animated countenance of his darling; uncommonly brilliant and tenderly gay were the glances of her beautiful eyes, a livelier tint painted her cheeks, and the dimples which adorned them, shewed the smile that lurked within her heart. The heat of the weather caused her to throw aside her regal attire; her white silk robe was enclosed round her waist and bosom by a zone of purple ornamented with pearls and darkest amethysts: her ermine robe was
resigned

resigned for a light scarf, magnificently embroidered in silver, gold, and jewels, and her hat and plumes were exchanged for braids of her beautiful hair intermixed with pearls and a slight coronet which topped her head, most superbly jewelled. Over her was thrown a gauze veil, which shaded her delicate frame from the rays of the intemperate sun. On her white palfrey was cast a cloth of purple and gold ; and it bore a plume of feathers on its head.

Augustine rode by her side ; her hair braided by pearls, her form enrobed in rose-coloured silk, and a veil likewise thrown o'er her form : she rode Sir Stanley's favourite steed.

Sir Morcar was now attended in a manner befitting his birth and rank, and his decorations displayed that love had occasioned this valiant chieftain to forget awhile his lance, and to study the decorations of his person—and he was repaid ; for beautifully noble did he look : he had

had exchanged his black and gold armour for a suit of the highest polished steel, richly inlaid with gold; it was made purposely for him at Toledo, and was well tempered and beautifully finished. A golden baldrick decorated his side, from which suspended a noble sword, which he had won from the hand of Baldwin, the great Count of Flanders, and which had in letters of gold upon its blade,—‘Honor and the Star;’—for this noble was of the order of the Star, instituted in 1022, by King Robert of France. He wore a mantle of handsome appearance, which was indeed valuable; worked by the hands of his Adela, and presented by her to him for the occasion: it was of white and gold taffety, thickly embroidered with a border of green oak-leaves. On his casque waved six white feathers. He rode a coal-black steed, whose trappings were white and gold; he was attended by Edwert de Dunstaville and Sir Norroy Fitz Bertrand, both on black steeds.

Sir

Sir Norroy had but a few days before arrived with his troops and the heralds from De Mowbray Castle: he was a noble youth, of great and ancient family; he wore a suit of steel polished armour, highly worked; a gold belt crossed his shoulder, the golden sun glittered on his breast, and a white dove volant was his crest. His shield bore a handsome coat of arms; it was gyronny, vert and gold; on the vert, a gold tressure; and on the gold, a red.

Behind him came ten halbert-men, and twenty archers, choice vassals of De Mowbray; these retainers were all mounted on black steeds; they were clothed in dark steel, plain, save the gold sun that glittered on their breasts: two heralds, who bore white feathers, and his arms fringed deeply with gold.

The procession was nearly the same as that which went to Mont Eagle; save that Ethelburga was attended by Prince Arthur and Fitz Alwy, whose heralds, esquires,

her hair of the lightest auburn, exceedingly long, and waving gracefully: a slight colour tinged her cheek, her strongly marked brow and lashes were black as jet, her lips full, and her teeth white as ivory.

She was enrobed in purple: a costly coronet glittered on her brow, and which partly confined her hair, but which mostly wandered unconfined down her shoulders. A superb zone surrounded her waist, and two young pages bore her flowing train.

A look of unaffected surprise was on her countenance at the entrance of Ethelburga, and she cast a glance of half-offended dignity; not unmixed with astonishment, to see her attended by Prince Arthur, Fitz Alwy, and her esquires and pages; while Oswy, who for the first time encountered companions in office, elevated his head in haughty style, and doffed his hat and plumes with a dignified air.

Ethelburga approached with a smile;
her

her dignity was tempered by softness, and her manner was sweet and graceful ; although her eye was less haughty, she appeared far more at her ease, and to every observant and discerning eye she seemed infinitely greater. The Countess received her with as condescending an air as she could assume. Ethelburga turned with pleasure from her to the young Rosalie, the youngest daughter of Lord de Warrenne. In features and countenance, she resembled her brother Sir Vortimer marvellously ! but the sadness of his countenance gave place to the most lively and animated expression : her heart beamed through her eyes, full of friendship and benevolence ; she was slight and beautifully formed, her hair and eyes very dark, a lively glow tinged her cheek, and a smiling lip disclosed teeth white as pearls. Her robe was white ; and she wore a scarf of white, embroidered with bunches of red roses carelessly strewn over it : a simple bandeau adorned her hair
negligently

negligently arranged. She was charmed instantaneously with the Baroness, who did not hesitate to prefer her to her coroneted companion.

The attention of Ethelburga was now called to the Earl of Thanet, a venerable and interesting man, whose countenance immediately won her heart, from its placidity and melancholy. He was dressed in dark-blue and gold armour, a dark-blue cloak, engrailed bordure, and a plume of sable feathers waved over his casque.

Next she was presented to Sir Mortimer and Sir Guiscard Lords Mont Real; two extremely handsome knights, whose decorations bid fair to be the most tasteful and elegant in the assembly. Fitz Alwy gazed with surprise, not unmingled with jealousy; from that moment he determined on their defeat. *His* appearance, however, seemed to have won the attention of the Countess, who relaxed from her usual haughtiness while

while conversing with him. There were many new faces and new coats of mail here displayed : but Ethelburga now turned her attention to the two most beautiful young heroes present ; no one was more handsome —they Sir were Edwin Montague and Sir Ethelred Mont Rose ; the former, leaning on the arm of Harold, made indeed a beautiful and interesting appearance ! He was pale, and his auburn hair negligently curled over his alabaster forehead ; his blue eyes beamed with soft delight, when Ethelburga addressed him : too weak to bear his mail, he was attired in a robe of white silk, which fitted his graceful form inimitably, and shewed how full of symmetry it would have been, had not illness faintly robbed his limbs of their solidity : a short cloak of violet-coloured silk, embroidered with a rich bordure of silver lilacs and leaves of gold, worked by the hand of Lady Fitz William, an emblem of her gratitude, adorned his fine-turned shoulders : a black hat, and
three

three milk-white plumes were in his hand; a baldrick of gold sustained his sword. His countenance was a model of Grecian beauty! The eyes of Rosalie were fixed upon him in admiration and astonishment. Ermengarda asked his name. Sir Ethelred's dress was similar, save that his cloak was green, embroidered with golden laurel leaves, likewise a present from Lady Fitz William.

Sir Morcar was in a moment by the side of his beautiful mistress, who had enrobed herself in white and gold taffety; her head surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves. Agnes was in pale blue, as delicate and as lovely as ever.

Shortly, the trumpet rang the Castle's stout walls, and Lord de Warrenne, with no small delight, led the way to the new tournament court; where he instantly heard the general approbation of the nobles and knights, and who really looked most admirable upon the terrace, while the clear
ring

ring left a spacious area for the jousts. On top of the entrance towers, the banners of Elfwold bore a most magnificent appearance; they were long and broad, of dark-blue silk; a crimson shield in the midst, on which was a cross fleury of gold: two golden lions for supporters, a beautiful Baronial coronet, and a lion's head erased for his crest: his motto was, 'Je me fie en Dieu.' This coat of arms was seen quartered with many others, in other banners, there being one of the families displayed on top of each of the towers in the court. There were six heralds mounted on black horses, their armour glittering with gold. The tent was raised immediately opposite the entrance, it was of crimson silk, fringed with gold.

There were many great and conspicuous nobles in the court, amongst whom were seen—Lord de Morthemmer, Lords Roslyn and Fitz Godwin, Hontercombe of Ithona, Walter de Segrave, and Edmund de Welle;
all

all unwelcome objects to the De Warrennes and Falconbergs. There were present all the knights who had been at Mont Eagle ; and shortly arrived the Earl of Lancaster and train, who had returned, to the delight of the Baron; for this occasion, and who was instantly by the side of the Baroness. Many new knights were present. An inquiry after the stranger trembled on the lips of Ethelburga ; but timidity kept her silent—and he appeared not.

There were three prizes to be given at the end of this day : the first, was a cross fleury of gold, suspended to a golden chain ; this was to be bestowed by Ethelburga : the second, a golden lion's-head erased ; to be bestowed by the Lady Adela : the third, a baldrick of gold, on which were these letters in crimson, ' The third prize ' of honour, Elfwold ; ' to be given by the Countess Ermengarda.

The Prince of Wales was requested to open the lists ; but he did not intend to
engage

engage on this day, and Sir Morcar de Mowbray sprung forward to engage the Earl of Lancaster. They assaulted each other with violence, but sustained the shock with firmness, and again set on. Sir Morcar was determined on that day to yield to none! not even to Fitz Alwy, should he engage him—and he overcame the Earl of Lancaster with the most perfect ease.

He was now attacked by Lord de Morthemmer, whose spear, on the charge of De Mowbray, shivered into a thousand atoms! They dismounted; and their blades clattered on their iron shields, which the walls of the new court echoed most tremendously! Sir Morcar disarmed his opponent.

Next he encountered Walter de Segrave; and they fought a battle, which was declared the most finished piece of skill in the world: Walter, however, urged by feelings of revenge, sought unseen to wound De Mowbray's beautiful steed; which he perceiving, immediately unhorsed him.

him. This he did to Ithona, and the Baron of Penmenmaur ; and he now retired from the ring—only however to rest, although the court declared, he already stood a fair chance to win the first prize. He had vanquished five knights.

Four heralds now entered the ring, and proclaimed Lord Guiscard de Mont Real. His armour sparkled with gold and silver, his whole decorations were sumptuous : he wore a white satin cloak, surrounded by a deep gold fringe ; white plumes decorated his crest ; he rode a white horse, who had green and gold housings. In person, he resembled Ermengarda : he was extremely handsome, tall, and well formed, no knight ever bore his glittering lance with more dignity. But it was whispered in the court by the north-country knights, that he made a better figure in the tourney, than in the field of battle. As he entered, he cast an expressive look at Rosalie de Warrenne ; she blushed, and turned away.

His

His arms were an argent field, on which were three trefoils vert. A youth now started from his reclining posture, at the back of Rosalie's seat. — It was Oscar, — the gallant Oscar! Lord of Clono's Vale: but he was too late,—Fitz Alwy's heralds had replied to his challenge, and soon the Baron sprung into the area. His fine manly countenance was far superior to Lord Guiscard's in beauty; his manner was more haughty, his deportment more commanding. Ermengarda was evidently struck with him; but she regarded the bow with which he honoured Ethelburga, with vexation: hitherto, wherever she had appeared, she had claimed precedence; yet here, even in the barbarous regions of the North, she had found a rival!

Lord Guiscard encountered Fitz Alwy with a graceful assault: it was manfully returned,—and the Southern hero hurled on the dust.

Lord Mortimer, stung by the defeat of
his

his brother, now entered the ring : his armour was similar, but his appearance more majestic ; he wore a crimson cloak, and quartered his wife's arms in his shield, which were crimson, and a cross of gold. But Fitz Alwy soon o'erpowered him, and he departed, stung to the heart by his defeat.

Now rushed forth impetuously, fire flashing from his dark-blue eyes, the Lord Dunthalmo !---Ethelburga trembled. He encountered Fitz Alwy so tremendously, he staggered back with the assault ; but enraged by the accident, he rushed on again ; a fruitless battle ensued, and they dismounted. Dunthalmo hacked his adversary's shield in vain, it was true to its destination ; and at length his sword remained a remnant in his hand ; he was obliged to quit the ring, though not vanquished ; Sir Morcar was delighted ; Sir Philip sighed. Next to the encounter, came Lord Ulswater ; who, after having in
vain

vain opposed him, fell beneath his arm. Albert de Montford shared a similar fate. Fitz Alwy now bid fair to win the prize; he had o'erpowered five knights; Norbert Mandeville and Henry of Rothes fell beneath his arm, and he retired from the ring to rest.

Now again appeared the brave Sir Morcar, who determined to complete his conquest. A gallant opponent encountered him, it was Malcolm of Inistore. It was an awful sight to see these two brave young giants meet in the encounter; skill and strength was made manifest on either side; they fought like tygers of the woods, but honour ruled each action, and Sir Morcar remained victor.

The Baron Dun Rock next approached; but Sir Morcar, unsatisfied by his conquests, declared his challenge to two opponents, and Algernon Mont Bernard was soon at his side. They dismounted and attacked him right and left: Sir-Morcar, to the de-
light

light of all, most skilfully and most gallantly encountered them, and keeping up the joust for some time, threw away his shield and in a few moments disarmed them both.

Shouts and applauses rung the walls of Castle! and it was declared that no knight could perform more than this: but, however, the event of the day was to decide it. The old Baron could no longer contain his delight; he ran and pressed him in his arms, at the same time returning thanks to Heaven, that had bestowed upon him such a hero for his son.

Fitz Alwy, whose teeth almost gnashed with envy, called loudly for his horse, and flew, his heart throbbing for conquest, to the ring. For a moment all was silent—no one dared to encounter him—till Dunthalgo arrived armed, with his cousins Claymore, and passed the barrier. Fitz Alwy dismounted; and they fought with great vigour, but at length Dunthalgo, having undergone too much

much fatigue, faltered—and was sinking beneath his arm - - - -

When the youthful stranger rushed into the area !!!—

‘ Give o’er,’ (he cried), ‘ Baron of Mont Eagle ! give o’er the strife of arms with yon opponent, as brave, but unequal to thee in strength ! Turn, turn the sword from one whose weakness is his shield in vain !——Intemperate Lord ! turn on me thy trusty sword—nor use it on the helpless.’

Fitz Alwy turned upon the noble youth, who stood with countenance and attitude which was alone to be compared to the great Apollo’s, after he had slain the serpent Python !——The Baron turned in evident dismay—his sword hung in his nerveless hand—his cheek was blanched and pale ; black angry fires darted from his eyes, while the youthful Knight regarded him unmoved, and with a haughty look.

‘ Why

‘ Why dost thou hesitate, Mont E
 ‘ doth Fitz Alwy, the great Fitz .
 ‘ only meet his foes by night ? — Is
 ‘ the steel of the assassin alone he w
 ‘ conquer ? ’ —

Fitz Alwy’s cheek flushed fiery re
 he looked around the court—the str
 ger’s voice had been plainly heard even
 the pavilion ; where the Baroness and h
 friends sat in silent admiration of h
 haughty and inimitable attitude. Indig
 nant fires flashed from his dark eyes, but
 his countenance was open as the day ;
 honour and generosity beamed forth a
 glittering rainbow on his heaven-stamp’d
 forehead. His dark brows were slightly
 contracted by a resentful frown ; but fero
 cious anger, revenge, or malice, distorted
 not the beautiful regularity of his features.

‘ He is indeed superior to Fitz Alwy ! ’
 —sighed Ethelburga, whose heart, ’stead of
 the serpent Python, had received his dart.

Sir

Sir Philip, who was close to her, started from his attitude—he gazed on her for a moment in unutterable agony—the newly-awakened feelings of her heart beamed forth in her eyes, and he saw at once all the fallacy of his surmises. But the court again fixed his breathless attention.

Fitz Alwy had aroused his faculties ; he now encountered the stranger, but his arm was weak—his erring footsteps staggered—and the noble youth, too generous to attack him under such circumstances, withheld his blade.---

‘ You are fatigued, my Lord ;’ (he said)
 ‘ retire for awhile ; endeavour to regain
 ‘ your strength—summon all your skill,---
 ‘ for the arm of injured honour trembles
 ‘ for vengeance !’ - - - - - (his voice
 softened) ‘ Oh Fitz Alwy ! your con-
 ‘ duct hath cut me to the soul ! Still are
 ‘ you my cousin, but you *must* bleed---
 ‘ bleed beneath my arm ! - - - - -

‘ I go :---but remember, impatiently I
 ‘ await your restoration.’

He haughtily quitted the area, his generous motive was apparent, and the whole court rung with shouts of applause ; while Fitz Alwy, confounded and irresolute, looked not himself.

‘ How art thou fallen, valiant Baron !
 ‘ how has thy heart faltered in the moment of need !’---Slowly he retired to the pavilion ; gazes of wonder were bent upon him—where could he fly ? He execrated his ill stars and the deception that had been practised on him---flew like a goaded lion from the pavilion, and summoned his esquires.

‘ How is it, Sir Guy, that I have been
 ‘ thus deceived ? well have you executed
 ‘ my commands ! Is this the disabled
 ‘ Eustace, who could not leave his bed ?
 ‘ Is this the youth from whose witchcraft
 ‘ I had nought to fear ? - - - - detested
 ‘ wretch !’

‘ So

‘ So help me God, my Lord, I told thee
 ‘ all I heard. Sir Ethelred assured me, that
 ‘ he was too ill to appear---all the retainers
 ‘ of Elfwold are astonished at it.’

‘ Mont Rose dies !’ - - - - (exclaimed
 Fitz Alwy, in an inward and hollow tone)
 ‘ he dies !’

‘ And Sir Morcar, my Lord, he knew
 ‘ the truth, I am convinced,’ (said Sir John)
 ‘ he is an abettor in the plot.’

‘ Sir Morcar too ! ah, ah ! *he* an abettor !
 ‘ -----Sir Philip ! Ethelburga ! in the plot
 ‘ no doubt !---’tis well.’ - - - - Then lower-
 ing his voice, choked by passion, he
 cast a fiend-like glance upon the distant
 Sir Morcar, and said in under tones---
 ‘ Mowbray, beware ! *thou shalt repent of*
 ‘ *this !*’ - - - - His face was ghastly pale ;
 Lord Hontercombe addressed to him some
 length of conversation ; Fitz Alwy retired
 to the Castle, and called for refreshments.,

The stranger had approached the pavi-
 lion amidst a buzz of admiration---how

graceful was his air! how firm, how majestically elegant his step! he bent his knee to Ethelburga.

‘Permit me, lady,’ (he said in a voice tuned with the most touching harmony)
 ‘permit me to efface any doubts that may
 ‘have found place in your mind, of my courage and my honour.—Never can I express the eagerness with which I awaited
 ‘the decision on the contention at Wolfnorth! or how impatiently I expected the
 ‘coming day on which I was to dispute so
 ‘dear a prize! but drawn by a stratagem
 ‘from Elfwold, I was decoyed into a distant spot, and there beset by a band of
 ‘ruffians, whose intent had it succeeded
 ‘would have silenced my lips from ever
 ‘making to thee this disclosure.——Ah
 ‘Madam! believe me, illness or death could
 ‘alone have prevented my appearance.—
 ‘Say, lady, are all doubts of my honour
 ‘obliterated?’

Ethelburga was speechless; his voice

so sweet, his tones so full of harmony and love, sunk deep into the utmost recesses of her soul; it was recognized by her for those silver tones that had charmed her in her dream—and his person she likewise perceived to be the same. Twice she essayed to speak—twice the half-formed accents died upon her tongue - - - but his timid and respectful glances restored confidence to her bosom, and she sweetly replied—

‘ Believe me, Sir Eustace, *my* mind never
‘ harboured a thought against your honour.’

Delight danced in his beautiful eyes; he rose, and delicately whispered---

‘ Then, lady, I am indeed uninjured!’--

She now ventured to regard his face---it certainly in some measure resembled Fitz Alwy’s---but here was dignity in place of pride, modesty exalted by a graceful demeanour, and the sweetest smile of generous good-nature, in place of that haughty
supercilious

supercilious air which too often curled the Baron's nether lip. His bright eye's glances were restrained by respectful diffidence, but it was the diffidence of a heart trembling with refined feelings; for nothing could be more easy than his manners, or more graceful than his address.

These sweet eyes were veiled by long black lashes, which rendered them still more expressive.

Fitz Alwy's complexion was rather brown; Eustace's delicately fair. The hair and eyes of Fitz Alwy black as jet, his complexion generally flushed; a constant smile adorned his beautiful lips, and his ivory teeth were ever displayed. Eustace's eyes were extremely dark, but the colour distinct from his large black pupils; his hair the darker brown, but its tint warm, and plainly to be distinguished: his cheek was generally pale, but changed as often as the blood varied around his heart--his features

Grecian

Grecian and delicate, but infinitely majestic and expressive---his countenance generally touching and pensive, with a slight cast of melancholy in it; but when he did smile, his smile was heaven itself!--his teeth, no less white and even than Fitz Alwy's, appeared much more so, because seldom disclosed.

No one could deny that Eustace far excelled his cousin in every particular;---and yet, on first sight, the eye might pass over him, and rest upon Fitz Alwy. Every emotion of Eustace's soul beamed forth in his expressive countenance: Fitz Alwy had taught his, to wear the most fascinating expression; it could be all, be any thing he wished---his was the acquired grace of study---Eustace's the elegance, the innate grace of nature.

Fitz Aubrey had been gazing on him with rapt attention; his resemblance to the departed Editha was so minute, the tones of his voice so similar to the friend
of

of his heart, his Osmond, that he lived upon his accents in breathless eagerness and delight. Here, beauty, courage, and feeling, seemed to be united---it was impossible that such a countenance, the soul of expression ! should not possess the most sensible of hearts.---Here was all he hoped to have found in young Fitz Alwy.

While he mournfully considered him, he saw the young Knight's glance rest upon him with respectful kindness ; he offered to address him, but Sir Philip shrunk from him shuddering, and turned away : he dreaded, yet anxiously desired to learn his name, and have his fears confirmed. Sir Eustace seemed to be alive to the awkwardness of his situation ; but Sir Morcar soon commenced a conversation with him, which relieved all parties, and restored them to composure.

‘ Do you know this young knight, ‘ Edwin ?’ (whispered Sir Philip to De Montague, who stood beside him).

‘ I do,’

‘I do,’ (replied Edwin) ‘and every one who knows him must admire and love him.’---(Sir Philip trembled).

‘Is he not---is he not?’---Sir Philip’s tongue refused to pronounce the name.

‘Alas!’ (returned Edwin) ‘I see already the unfortunate title of this young hero has inevitably closed your heart against him! Ah, Sir! permit me at least to assure you, that a *Lord Fitz Arnulf* may be amiable.’

A groan from the Warden was his only reply.

Chap. IX.

"The feast is spread around ; the night passed away in joy. Her eye rolled in secret on Calthan : his loveliness swelled her soul."

Over.

SIR Eustace now arose, and whispered to the Baron de Warrenne, and shortly afterwards Sir Vortimer entered the ring.

He first encountered Lord Ulswater, who long maintained the fight with him, but at length was subdued. Lord Dunduthno he dismounted : Ferdinand de Montbouchier he conquered : and Lord Fitz Albin he likewise vanquished. His father was indeed in raptures ; but he called him to the pavilion, after having noted his conquests, to make way for Sir Eustace.

Fitz

Fitz Alwy had now returned, and seemed eager for the combat ; on his entering the pavilion, he placed himself by the side of Ethelburga, he leaned his head upon his hand, and sighed deeply : at length, he said in the most touching accents—

‘ Alas ! Ethelburga, it pierces the inmost
 ‘ recesses of my heart, to be thus forced to
 ‘ appear before you, in the most contempti-
 ‘ ble figure--or stain my hand, perhaps, with
 ‘ the blood of my cousin. Alas ! your tender
 ‘ nature can well imagine all the delicacy of
 ‘ my feelings. Sir Eustace is my very near
 ‘ relation ; we were bred up together ; it
 ‘ grieves me to say, an unnatural dislike has
 ‘ usurped his bosom towards me,—but as it
 ‘ is not reciprocal, I would rather expire
 ‘ than wound either his mind or body.’

Ethelburga pitied the Baron, although she could not give him credit for all he expressed ; and she replied—

‘ Alas, my Lord ! what a pity it is, that
 ‘ so

‘so ungenerous a heart should inhabit so
‘lovely a form!’

He frowned and gazed on her with earnestness; he had mistaken her meaning, the colour dyed his cheek, and starting from his seat, he wildly exclaimed—

‘Then they *have* succeeded in prejudicing
‘you against me,—but by heavens they
‘shall repent it!’

He cast a furious look at Sir Philip, and darted from the pavilion. Ethelburga turned alarmed to Fitz Aubrey.—

‘What does he mean? my dear Sir,’ she said.

‘His mind is agitated, my love; he
‘knows not himself’—returned the unhappy Warden with a sigh.

While Eustace was mounting his horse, Fitz Alwy leapt on his steed, but the young Knight approaching him, said—

‘No, my Lord,—you I reserve, for the
‘last in the combat; you have already en-
‘countered

‘countered many knights, and I must do the
 ‘the same ; remember, on this account the
 ‘prize was not bestowed on me at Wolf-
 ‘north.—Retire, and leave the area to
 ‘me.’

‘A truce with this mockery!’—ex-
 claimed Fitz Alwy, and he couched his
 lance ; but Sir Eustace turning from him,
 rode to Lord de Warrenne, and made
 known his request. The Baron instantly
 went himself to Fitz Alwy, and declared,
 that he had given his promise to this effect,
 and the haughty Mont Eagle was obliged
 to comply.

Lord de Morthemmer encountered Sir
 Eustace with fury ; but in a few seconds
 was hurled to the dust. Walter de Segrave,
 by him was disarmed ; and the Earl of Win-
 dermere overpowered. Now came forward
 again, Guiscard de Mont Real, who shared
 a similar fate. The court were in wonder
 at the apparent ease with which he made
 these brilliant conquests. No sooner was
 Guiscard

Guiscard defeated, than the youthful Oscar started from his seat, leapt on his horse, and bounded swiftly and lightly into the ring.

His appearance was singular and admirable. This noble youth was extremely small both in size and height, but made with the utmost symmetry,—he possessed a fine countenance, and a daring undaunted manner in the field; he was all fire, all life and expression! His eyes were of the darkest blue, with an appearance of extremesweetness and vivacity; his brows and hair were black as jet, which curled closely round his Roman head: he was dressed in high-polished steel armour; a gold chain hung round his neck, to which was suspended a small golden bugle richly jewelled: he rode a dark chesnut horse, a noble animal! whose trappings were a spotted deer's skin, with a dark-green border, edged with gold: he wore a short mantle of the same, his reins were chains of gold, and

and on his head waved three white feathers, all falling back : on his buckler, a silver field, on which was a stag's head proper.

Greatly was this youth admired ; and they seemed to engage each other with reluctance. This little hero fought in a most gallant and superior style, and Sir Eustace evidently delayed his defeat, but at length o'erpowered him in the handsomest manner possible, and remained in the area.

Fitz Alwy could scarcely retain his malice and discontent, but found himself obliged to remain a witness of his glory.

The Lady Ermengarda was alone silent in his praise ; but it was because her heart felt the more deeply interested : she inquired his name, and being informed Sir Eustace Fitz Arnulf, turned away in disappointment.

Ethelburga expressed her admiration, in terms which could no longer admit of being misunderstood by Fitz Alwy :
jealousy

jealousy was added to his former hatred of the Knight, and his looks now expressed undisguised tokens of malice and angry passion.

Now an opponent appeared, who it was expected would be an equal match for him. It was that renowned Norman knight, Edouard, Comte de Mont St. Claire: his gait and person were full of admirable energy and grace; he was considerably taller than Eustace. He made indeed an honourable figure, and did great credit to his family and country. Schooled in the science of arms, he at times betrayed more knowledge than Eustace; who, however, astonished him by his skill; and when St. Claire was defeated, he declared, that Fitz Arnulf was by far the most accomplished knight in England.

Sir Philip in vain urged Sir Morcar to oppose him: he declared he would not, nor did he at all feel the many arguments used by the good Warden.

Stanley,

Stanley, however, was obliged to comply ; he did it with tears in his eyes, and declared to Sir Philip, that it was the hardest task he had ever made him perform. Sir Eustace saw his reluctance, he cast on Sir Philip a look of sorrow and reproach, but almost immediately disarmed Sir Stanley : on again presenting him his sword, he said,

‘ With the utmost reluctance I have done this deed, Sir Stanley Fitz Aubrey ; my honour demanded it ; but I trust it is the last time we shall ever draw on one another,’ — — and he presented him his hand.

‘ It is, by heaven !’ — (energetically exclaimed young Stanley) ‘ Noble Eustace ! your hand is the highest honour mine has e’er received.’ And he departed from the ring.

Dunthalmo now rushed forward, and exclaimed, —

‘ My

‘ My noble stranger, opponent of Wolf-north ! Sir Eustace, welcome once more !
 ‘ fain would I we were friends ; but the
 ‘ eyes of the charming Baroness pay you
 ‘ too unequivocal proofs of admiration, to
 ‘ admit of this : nay, dismount and draw, &
 ‘ tilt or two will not suffice me.’

‘ Nay, my Lord,’ (replied Eustace with a smile,) ‘ you do not surely wish my blood ?
 ‘ —I do not wish for yours, and, depend
 ‘ upon it, you are too weak to engage me.
 ‘ Nay, hold your sword,—see,—even now
 ‘ I wrest it from you,—depart, my Lord ; I
 ‘ scorn to win a combat even from *you*, so
 ‘ meanly ; another time I will meet you,
 ‘ for, however I value Lord Dunthalgo’s
 ‘ friendship,—one smile, one commendatory
 ‘ look from Ethelburga, is far too precious
 ‘ not to be maintained even by my heart’s
 ‘ blood.’—The last words were said in a
 low voice.

‘ Noble, but detested youth ! am I ever
 ‘ doomed

doomed to be placed under obligations to
 'to you?—Well then, be it so,—another
 'time,—would that you were not my rival!'

Dunthalmo departed. Eustace was evidently overpowered by fatigue, when the Baron of Mont Eagle impetuously approached: they couched their lances, and commenced a furious assault: after a few rounds they dismounted, and drew their glittering blades: the graceful Eustace lifted his fine eyes to heaven—

'God is my witness,' (he cried,) 'how
 'much I regret to call thee Fitz Alwy,
 'villain!'

Furiously they fought; their well-tempered blades clattered on their shields, and Fitz Alwy seemed to regain his courage; one stroke, however, of the gallant Eustace's laid his severed blade in the dust!—and Mont Eagle, stunned by the blow, staggered and fell.

The day was now completely won by Eustace; he turned from the anguished Ethel-
 morne,

morne, nor deigned to cast on him one look; murmurs had grown to shouts of admiration! The trumpets were at once blown in loud and successive peals! and the unequalled, the magnanimous youth approached the pavilion; the day was not as yet, however, past.

Ethelburga's heart panted to bestow the prize upon the hero; but Sir Vortimer, who had yielded the area to him, was first to finish his exploits.

Edmund de Welle fell beneath his arm; and also Sir Carlovin du Lake, and Sir Lewellin ap Maur. — The trumpets now sounded unanswered, and he departed victor from the ring.

Now then approached the hero of the day! Eustace gracefully presented his feathered cuirass to Edgar of Northwood, his esquire, and bent his lovely form before the trembling Baroness. . If he before looked beautiful, how much more so did he now, that his fair and open forehead

forehead was displayed, and his dark auburn hair fell around his neck ! He raised his expressive eyes to her pallid countenance, a glance shot from beneath his long lashes, that caused the purple current to flow into her face ; and as she bent to throw over his neck the chain and cross, she faintly murmured,—

‘ Receive, brave Sir Eustace,—receive the prize due to your valour——’ she hesitated,—more she would have uttered, but her tongue was chained by inexpressible emotions, she hung her lovely head in deep confusion.

‘ With my life I will protect the prize bestowed by the hand of the Lady Ethelburga.’

He saw the busy whisperings that surrounded him ; he saw the evident distress of the youthful Baroness, and immediately assuming a dignified and respectful air, awed the whispering crowd, by the glances of his dark eye. He had seated himself by
the

the side of Ethelburga, it was Fitz Alwy's seat, he heeded it not.—And soon the silver lion departed from the court—the great Fitz Alwy! the hero of the country! now disgraced and crest-fallen, flew to the shades of Mont Eagle: and Sir Philip sighed to remark, that with him disappeared every unworthy visitor to Elfwold. Sir Morcar, delighted and animated, received the prize from the Lady Adela; but the Countess, as she bestowed the prize on Sir Vortimer, could not conceal her disappointment, as she observed Sir Eustace seated by the Baroness.

Sir Philip quitted not her side; he marked the conversation of Sir Eustace teeming with delicacy and virtuous sentiments, which, unlike Fitz Alwy, he sought not to display; but they might be easily discovered by the tenour of his discourse. He manifested an accomplished and intelligent mind; the heart of Ethelburga seemed already to understand his; and his manner

manner of expression was so delicate, his respectful attention to virtue, so admirably defined! that in a moment she felt unembarrassed and at ease in his society.

He sought not, by his enamoured glances, —by the ostentatious display of his passion, to impress her mind with its ardour; but every word, and every act, so full of modest attention, proved to the soul, in simple eloquence, how much he loved and honoured her.

Ah! thought Ethelburga, enviable indeed must be the mistress of *thy* heart! amiable Eustace,—her life must be free from all earthly cares, save the delicious quest of pleasing thee—her happiness beyond the shafts of fate.

Sir Philip even forgot that he was the son of Leofwin; and he listened to his accents in wonder and delight: he insensibly engaged in converse with him, and found his heart drawn towards him, by an incomprehensible and irresistible impulse:

pulse: friendship and confidence were awakened, by a secret and unintelligible sympathy of nature.

From this dream, he was aroused by Lord de Lucy; who, when he saw the Baroness and Fitz Aubrey engaged in conversation with Sir Eustace, cast on her a look of tender approbation.

‘My dearest Eustace,’ (he said,) ‘how have you endured this fatigue? You are too lately emancipated from a sick chamber, to undergo so much! I have been astonished by your prowess; but you are now, I see, pale and languid.’

‘I have indeed had a hard day’s fatigue,’ (replied Eustace with a smile), ‘but I am well repaid for all my toils.’

His countenance, however, as De Lucy remarked, was almost ghastly; a deep painful sigh told how much he suffered.—Ethelburga’s heart was deeply moved.

‘Retire, Sir Eustace;’ (she said in a voice of sweet [persuasion]), ‘we are all going

‘going to the Castle in a few minutes; let me entreat you to accept the arm of Lord de Lucy.—I am anxious for you to depart, for your whole deportment is languid in the extreme.’

‘You are anxious, lady! and shall I not obey you?’—he said in a voice tuned in the most expressive chord of harmony and tenderness. He arose, and saluting Ethelburga with unequalled elegance, placed his arm within De Lucy’s, and retired to the Castle. Ethelburga watched him till the crowd hid him from her sight; she saw him turn to regard her once more,—she waved her hand with a seraphic smile,—he bowed gracefully to her, and was seen no more.

The youthful artless Baroness remained, alas! enwrapt in dreams! deluding dreams of rapture!—sat unconscious of the surrounding scene. Had not Fitz Aubrey been himself enveloped in his own thoughts, he must have remarked the mind’s ab-

sence of his Ethelburga ; but as he remained so utterly lost in reflection, her noble cousin, who had silently observed them for the last five minutes, now approached.

‘ So thoughtful, Ethelburga ! ’ —— (she started) ‘ Nay, so nervous too ? — My fair cousin, the Countess has departed ; Augustine and Rosalie are gone ; my Adela awaits you — will you go to the Castle ? ’

The Baroness gazed around, and she felt the utmost confusion, to observe the pavilion nearly empty ; Adela and Agnes waited in conversation with Sir Vortimer de Warrenne and Sir Eliss d’Aubigny, — near her sat the absent Sir Philip, leaning his head upon his hand, yet lost in thought ; Edwin, pale and melancholy, leaned upon the back of her chair ; Sir Aymer de Valance was conversing with his little son and Oswy, and Sir Durant Fitz Osborne stood gloomy and silent, an attentive observer of the scene. The Prince of Wales
and

and Harold conversed with Dunthalmo at a little distance.

‘Fitz Aubrey,’ (cried Sir Morcar, as he gently shook his arm), ‘I find you and your Ethelburga in dreams of absence! lost to a sense of any passing object around you,—and seemingly lost even to the presence of each other; come to the Castle.’

He took the Warden’s arm; Ethelburga accepting that of Edwin Montague, who involuntarily trembled: poor youth! for the first time his adored mistress had neglected him; but he had remarked her absent air! he had seen all those symptoms of awakened love agitate her frame; which he, alas! knew too well. He trembled for her peace, he resolved to expire in her service, and to obtain every wish of her heart; and inwardly rejoiced at the fate of the proud Baron of Mont Eagle. Delicacy kept him silent, as he led her through the magnificent saloons of Elfwold, and

the tongue of Ethelburga seemed to have lost its tender eloquence. She expressed a wish to retire to her room, and Adela and Agnes accompanied her to a magnificent suite of apartments.

‘Is not Sir Eustace all I described?’ (said Adela to Ethelburga, who involuntarily changed colour), ‘is he not, Ethelburga, far, far superior to his cousin?’

‘He is indeed!’ (replied the Baroness), ‘Sir Eustace appears the most perfect being upon earth.’

‘Although he is my brother,’ (said the gentle Agnes, with tears of gratitude trembling in her eyes), ‘although he is my brother, I cannot deny my tongue the pleasure of dwelling upon his virtues: ah, madam! the graces of his person are not half his excellence! his heart has not its equal in the world. To me, he has indeed been a father, brother, and protector; he has, indeed, performed the virtuous part; at some future day, a relation

‘ lation of his actions will convince you,
 ‘ how poor a tribute to his virtues are our
 ‘ praises of him.’

The ladies quitted Ethelburga, who, after having made some slight change in her apparel, seated herself at the window of her tower dressing-room. Her apartments looked into the spacious court, called King Ethelred’s Court; her rooms faced the South, and looked across it, being divided from the saloon only by the De Warrenne gallery. As she gazed unconsciously into the court, a slight elegant figure caught her eye; and as he drew nigh, although changed in dress, she knew it by his graceful air, and firm elastic step, to be Sir Eustace. She was now struck by the youthfulness of his appearance. He was attired only in part of his armour, and appeared scarcely older than herself; he looked, if possible, more fascinating than before, and as he now stopped to converse with Sir Edwin, she, deliberately and unseen,

seen, observed his figure: He had retained his breast-plate and arm-pieces: he was clothed in white elastic silk, which shewed inimitably his beautifully turned ankle and knee. A short cloak of pale azure, lined with white, and embroidered with a rich gold and silver border of grapes and vine-leaves, hung in light folds from his elegant shoulders; a golden baldrick sustained his short embossed sword; a ruff of thick wove lace surrounded his lily white neck; his auburn hair parted from his forehead, and discovered the unclouded beauties of his open brow.—A beautiful light helmet of silver, without vizor, of curious workmanship, and which was surrounded by a wreath of wonderfully worked golden laurel leaves, whose berries were rubies, and crested by a most magnificent plume of white feathers,—(a prize won at England's court, and viewed by many an eye with wistful envy, and which glittered marvellously in the sun), waved
 be

he gracefully in his hand ; the chain and cross she had that day bestowed, was flung around his neck ; his buskins and gloves were white ; to his heels were affixed his golden spurs.—Long, long she gazed, until he entered with Sir Edwin Montague into the Castle.

She now descended to the hall ; as she approached, she heard the sounds of the minstrels' harps ring merrily round ; and through the vast door, she saw the splendid and magnificent assembly : one object, however, caught her eye, and riveted her attention ; it was Eustace, held in conversation by the Countess, and his graceful figure bent in polite attention. A throb of before unfelt pain darted through her heart—Dunthalmo was in a moment at her side ; he seized her hand, to attend her to her seat, and Lord Malcolm of Inistore, that of Adela. As she passed up this long hall, she stopped to speak to Lord Tankerville ;

kerville ; Dunthalmo pressed her hand ; he looked overwhelmed with delight, and his fine blue eyes were eager and animated ; he continued to lead her up the vast hall ; at this moment Sir Eustace turned, he saw her hand in possession of Dunthalmo !— what emotions of keen disappointment were in a moment evident in his fine countenance ! Crimson dyed his cheek, and hastily quitting the Countess, he approached her. She had yet a vacant hand, and respectfully soliciting it, he led her with an air of disappointment to her seat. Dunthalmo retained his place beside her, and to her infinite distress, openly, and in the most passionate terms, declared his sufferings on her account.

The Countess Ermengarda had evidently seen Ethelburga enter, and had riveted Sir Eustace's attention the more earnestly, that he might not perceive her : when she saw his glance of disappointment, she
could

could not conceal her delight, or her anger on his leaving her, to attend the amiable Baroness.

Edwin would have remained attendant upon the Baroness, but she would not permit him, and he was turning away to seek some distant seat, when the sweetest accents imaginable said—

‘ Sir Edwin Montague ! here is a vacant
‘ seat for you.’

Ethelburga turned to thank the speaker ; it was the young and lovely Rosalie, whose dimpled cheeks were adorned with artless smiles, as Edwin, grateful for her attention, seated himself beside her.

By Ethelburga were Eustace and Duntholmo, Augustine d'Aubigny Stanley, the two Lords Mont Real, and many others. Opposite her, Sir Philip, Sir Morcar, Adela, Sir Vortimer, and Agnes. At the next table, the Countess, Earl Thanet, Duke of Lancaster, Prince of Wales, Lord de Lucy, Malcolm of Inistore, Rosalie, Edwin,

Edwin, and Sir Oscar, with the aged Baron.

Eustace each hour displayed more fully the graces of his admirable heart and mind ; he paid Ethelburga the most marked and pointed attentions ; and although Duntharmo was ever loudly and passionately accusing him of being the only marr to his happiness, there was so much real dignity and good-nature in the young hero, that the intemperate Ardven was kept in awe, and restrained from violence.

Sir Philip was silent and attentive ; he recalled to his mind, the character Father Sebastian had given of the young Fitz Arnulf, and gazed upon him, as if he would search into the inmost recesses of his soul.—‘ And ‘ is it possible,’ (he thought), ‘ that murder, ‘ treachery, and ingratitude, dwells beneath ‘ that exterior ?’—As he viewed the open generous countenance before him, the dark features of the Monk crossed his mind. His belief was staggered ; his heart,

so full of human kindness, rebuked him for harbouring suspicions of the youth before him. He smiled upon him ; his gaze was steady and unmoved, and he now for the first time noticed that Sir Eustace was making a similar regard.

‘ Pardon me, Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey,’ (he said), ‘ but methinks your person is not unknown to me,—a dream of my infancy returns,—I remark your features, they are impressed upon my mind ; I should blush for the rudeness of my regards, but that I perceive you are making the same observations. I am not mistaken, Sir,’ (continued he with a sweet smile), ‘ but you and I, in other years must have been better friends.’

This speech acted like an unlucky talisman upon Sir Philip—he shuddered, and the hue of death o’erspread his countenance, on Eustace he cast a look of horror and aversion.

The Knight regarded him with a gaze
of

of artless and unaffected surprise ; Ethelburga was agitated by the scene, she gently pressed the arm of Eustace, and hinted to him by her looks, not to notice the emotions of Sir Philip ; he obeyed with evident reluctance. He soon, however, became interested in converse with the gallant Morcar, with whom he was shortly the best friend imaginable ; the youth, the valour, the graces of Fitz Arnulf, the character the De Warrennes had given of him, entirely effaced the recollections of his father's crimes : he became a marked and distinguished favourite of the brave De Mowbray's, and if a legion of Fitz Alwys, and a monastery of Sebastians, had started up to defame him, he would have been regardless of their oaths and declarations, and treated their assertions with contempt ; and his preference was publicly demonstrated to the young champion, who returned it with the warmest affection, and the most lively gratitude.

. The

The evening glided on, to Ethelburga how imperceptibly ! for the first time she would willingly have remained till morning at the festive board—she arose from it with regret, and departed with a sigh, and so sweetly to Eustace said ‘farewell,’ that the word rung incessantly upon his ear, and sunk into the inmost recesses of his soul.

When she withdrew to her chamber, she early dismissed her attendants, and waving for the present all ideas of retiring to repose, she approached the window, and there seating herself indulged in the soft breezes of the summer night.

Her heart was the seat of the sweetest, of the softest sensations ; the tenderest chord of her soul vibrated with new-born delight, and a feeling inexplicable to those whose frames were not so delicately sensible as hers. She sought not, nor could she, had she sought it, drive the resemblance of Eustace from her mind ; but instead of this, as if to fix each emotion more indelibly

libly in her heart, she recalled each look, each action! she recalled the thrilling tones of his harmonious voice, and each sentiment so tenderly conceived and so delicately expressed; her heart melted into a soft pleasing tenderness, which however was productive of tears; nor would she have yielded the rapture of a tear so shed, for the enjoyment, the possession of universal delight.

Love, the most delicate love, had entwined itself in every fibre of her heart; the sweet delicious poison flew in soft contagion to the inmost recesses of her sensible soul.

The nightingale, as if in unison with her feelings, poured from his little throat a strain of plaintive melody, mournful and sad; it wound her feelings to the utmost pitch, and clasping her trembling hands, she wept unrestrainedly. The simple warbler was answered from a thousand leafy coverts, and each strain, sadder than the last, prolonged the melodious serenade.

As

As she lifted up her beauteous head, like some tender flower which had been bowed by the shower of heaven, a distant stream of light crossed the court—it came from a window of one of the towers opposite ; and although too distant to be distinct, she perceived a figure approach the window---It was the figure of a youthful Knight, who, by his cloak and graceful attitude, could be no other than Eustace! The thought that it *was* Eustace, was extacy! She either saw, or thought she saw, a thousand reasons why it should be Eustace: he seemed apparently earnestly regarding that part of the building in which she was--- ‘It is Eustace!’---she sighed, and she remained immovable.

A foot heavy and loud was slowly heard to cross the court. The Knight seemed sensible that his appearance was remarkable, he closed the window and departed. The delicacy of the action confirmed her in the idea that it must be Eustace.

‘None,

‘None, none but him can feel so delicately’---(she cried): the idea struck her mind, she likewise retired to her pillow; but not for some hours could she compose herself to sleep.

When Sir Philip withdrew to his apartment, De Mowbray accompanied him, and as soon as they were alone he thus addressed him:---

‘Well, Fitz Aubrey, what think you of ‘Sir Eustace?’ Sir Philip was silent; a deep sigh was the only reply.

‘I guess what you think,’ (continued the gallant Morcar), ‘but you cannot bring ‘yourself to own it; you cannot divest ‘yourself of recollections, which prejudice ‘you against him: but pardon me, my ‘dear friend, you are too severe upon this ‘unoffending young man. If Eustace ‘*must* inherit all his father’s vices, it ‘should follow that Ethelmorne should ‘possess all his father’s virtues; and yet I ‘shrewdly suspect this is not the case.
‘Can

‘ Can you for a moment close your heart
 ‘ to the artless testimonies of innocence and
 ‘ honour, disclosed in this young hero’s
 ‘ manner and countenance? Can you, my
 ‘ friend—whose heart I know to be the seat
 ‘ of every virtue—can your heart not dis-
 ‘ cover congenial worth?’

‘ But have you forgotten the character
 ‘ I heard of him from Father Sebastian?
 ‘ whose holy calling precludes the likelihood
 ‘ of its being defamation.’

‘ I do not, Fitz Aubrey: if ever there
 ‘ was a villanous monk, I believe Sebastian
 ‘ to be one—The story I hear here is a
 ‘ very different one indeed. There is no
 ‘ doubt that Eustace owes his attempted
 ‘ assassination to Fitz Alwy and his emis-
 ‘ saries.’ - - - -

‘ Good God, De Mowbray !!’

‘ Yes, I believe there is no doubt of it—
 ‘ but, however, I think in a short time I
 ‘ may venture to inquire from him the cause
 ‘ of his disagreement with Fitz Alwy, and
 ‘ in

‘ in truth I believe that his assertions will
‘ be fact.’

‘ I wish you would do so,’ (returned Sir Philip) ‘ I should be glad to hear his story
‘ —but I cannot imagine Fitz Alwy base
‘ enough to attempt his cousin’s life, or
‘ his honour : depend upon it, it is those
‘ monstrous associates who act without
‘ consulting him, and if they are not re-
‘ moved, will pervert the native virtue of
‘ his blood.’

‘ That has been done long since, I fear ;
‘ but, however, I shall refrain from giving
‘ my opinion for a little time—I see
‘ these surmises rack your heart : my dear
‘ Fitz Aubrey, trust me, I will be prudent ;
‘ compose yourself, my friend, for your
‘ Ethelburga’s sake.’

‘ Indeed, indeed, I am truly wretched !’—
(returned Fitz Aubrey, who sunk back
in his chair and burst into a flood of tears)
‘ My mind, my heart, is racked to distrac-
‘ tion ! I know not how I shall support
‘ the

' the dreadful events I see before my eyes.'
 His accents failed—he clasped his hands
 and raised his eyes to heaven—' Oh my de-
 ' parted friend! Oh Falconberg! Fitz
 ' Alwy! witness how I have strove to ful-
 ' fil my duty! ——The task is indeed
 ' hard——God! oh God! support me!
 ' succour me!'——

Chap. X.

"Who among the chiefs was like the stately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh of the virgins rose."

Ossian.

IN the morning Ethelburga sprung from her pillow ; the first ray of reason glanced the extatic idea to her heart, that a few short moments only would elapse ere she should see Eustace ; that he would be all day in her presence, that she should again listen to the soft tones of his harmonious voice, and mingle the congenial sentiments of his heart with hers.

Never was her person more carefully adorned—never did she feel so doubtful of her powers to please—and yet never was she more beautiful or more fascinating.

The

The first object which presented itself to her eyes on her entering the saloon, was the object of her anxiety, leaning against a window frame, and negligently conversing with Sir Morcar.

On her entrance, he flew towards her, and the glow that suffused his cheek, led her to hope that she was not indifferent to him. He inquired with so much tender solicitude the state of her health, that an affection fraternal seemed to move him. His manner was invariably respectful, watchful, and attentive, and withall so full of ease and gentle complacency, that the veteran warriors marked his deportment with wonder and admiration, and compared them to his youth with unfeigned surprise.

Ermengarda in vain endeavoured to monopolize or even to attach his attention to herself; he was to her polite and distant; but an indifferent observer might perceive that he disliked her, and that his whole heart was enveloped in Ethelburga.

No

No sooner did they depart for the court, than he armed for the fight. His silver armour, his waving plumes, his milk-white steed, gave him the appearance of an immortal, or an imaginary being : he rode round the ring with a smile of good-nature, and seemed to invite, not challenge his opponents to approach.

Two heralds in light coats of mail, who bore white eagles on their helmets, and who were mounted on white steeds, announced his name ' Sir Eustace Fitz Arnulf '—for the young Knight had never assumed the title of Lord Fitz Arnulf, or its sumptuous coat ; for hitherto his little fortune was barely sufficient to protect his banner.

Arthur, the Prince of Wales, who had been charmed with this young Knight, could no longer withstand the glory of such a contention : he rose and summoned his esquires ; suspecting however from the courtesy of Sir Eustace, and the disappointment evident in his countenance when he perceived

ceived who intended to encounter him, that he meant to yield him the combat, he would not advance until he had obtained his promise, on the honour of a Knight, that he would not restrain either his skill or valour: and the event was, that although Eustace treated him with the utmost indulgence, he soon overcame him. The brave Harold gave him more trouble, but at length shared the same fate. Eustace feeling dismayed at thus retaining the court from so many great noblemen, now proposed a match of Knights, which was soon composed. The De Warrennes challenged thrice their number in the sword attack.

<i>The De Warrennes.</i>	<i>Their Opponents.</i>
Sir Eustace.	Prince of Wales.
Sir Morcar.	Lord Dunthalgo.
Sir Vortimer.	Malcolm of Inistore.
	Harold. Dunduthno.
	Ulswater. Montbou-
	chier.
	Lord

Sir Eustace, her superb gold and silver scarf. Sir Philip frowned, but the deed was done. Adela gave to Sir Morcar, her wreath of oak-leaves; Ermengarda to Lord de Lucy, her gloves of silk and gold; Agnes to Sir Vortimer, her pale blue scarf; Augustine to Stanley, the bracelet that surrounded her arm; Rosalie to Sir Eliss, the rose that adorned her bosom. Oscar frowned, and fire darted from his eyes! while Sir Guiscard execrated his ill stars; Rosalie turned her eyes involuntarily on the unhappy Edwin, and uttered a deep-drawn sig ! !

Just as they received these envied gifts, Fitz Alwy and his friends entered the court; at his appearance a sickening languor overcame her, she turned her eyes on Sir Philip, and was hurt to see the evident satisfaction which illumined his ~~his~~ countenance. Fitz Alwy dismounted and approached; his countenance was remarkably pale and interesting, in his eye
you

you would plainly read that sorrow and kindness were alone the inmates of his heart: he tenderly inquired of Ethelburga how she was, and then took the seat by her, that Sir Philip had evidently retained for him. Eustace was on the other side, the scarf of Ethelburga adorned his shoulder, in place of his own, decorated with silver stars, which he had immediately given to Edgar, of whom he seemed particularly fond. The scarf met Fitz Alwy's eyes; he frowned and changed countenance, but instantly recovering himself, resumed his composure, and asked Ethelburga, in the most gentle tones, how his cousin had obtained that precious gift. Ethelburga with great emotion explained the valorous action which had won this favour. Fitz Alwy appeared satisfied; he reclined back, and every now and then sighed deeply.

'You are ill, my Lord!' said Ethelburga.

‘ *I am ill, Ethelburga ! I can scarcely support my frame !* ’

‘ *Why then did you venture on this exertion ?—it is surely imprudent of you in the extreme.* ’

‘ *Why ? my Ethelburga !* ’—(he said in a voice of reproachful tenderness) ‘ *and doth not Ethelburga’s heart answer her that question ?* ’

A cold tremor seized her frame—involuntarily she raised her eyes to Eustace ;—his were fixed on her with a mournful expression, that appealed in eloquent language to her heart !—a deep sigh burst from his bosom,—it was echoed by hers,—he arose to depart, when Fitz Alwy with a graceful motion arrested his attention. ‘ *Eustace,* ’ (he said) ‘ *I have a few words to say to you ; can I have your private attention ?* ’

There was much sweetness in his manner : Eustace somewhat haughtily replied—

‘ *My*

‘ My Lord, I am ready to attend to you !’—

Fitz Alwy saw the effect his gentleness had made on Sir Philip and Ethelburga, and was satisfied. He now departed with Sir Eustace from the court. No sooner, however, did Edgar see them, than he followed at a distance ; Eustace turned, and evidently desired him to forbear ;—he bowed, but still followed more distantly ; while Lord de Lucy and Sir Vortimer started up to follow them in haste, and the former passionately exclaimed :

‘ Imprudent Eustace ! !’

When the young heroes had gained the outside of the court wall, Fitz Alwy thus addressed him :

‘ Eustace, we were brought up in infancy together ! one cradle nursed us, one roof sheltered us, one parent fostered us !’

‘ I never have forgotten that, my Lord !’ interrupted Sir Eustace.

‘ Why

‘ Why then,’ (continued Fitz Alwy)
 ‘ why then are we now at variance ?’

‘ That question is unnecessary ;—nay,
 ‘ and incomprehensible ! surely your own
 ‘ heart will make you a cutting reply ?’

‘ Nay,’ (returned Fitz Alwy) ‘ do not
 ‘ imagine my object is to shrink from the
 ‘ encounter ; no, I shall arm to oppose
 ‘ you the moment you return to the court,
 ‘ —but *then*, my cousin,’ (in a voice of
 ‘ tenderness) ‘ why not be friends for life ?—
 ‘ My heart’s blood you may spill ! but will
 ‘ that recall the past ?’

‘ I believe, my Lord, you have been
 ‘ far more eager to spill my blood, than I
 ‘ have ever been to shed yours.—My
 ‘ own wrongs, my own injuries, I could
 ‘ readily forgive, they are forgotten,---but
 ‘ my sister’s ! no, Ethelmorne ! never, never
 ‘ can my hand clasp thine in friendship !
 ‘ the wrongs of Agnes are too powerfully
 ‘ impressed upon my heart ever to be
 ‘ obliterated !’

‘ Alas,

‘ Alas, Eustace ! we are then to swear
 ‘ eternal enmity to each other,—unnatural
 ‘ oath for brothers’ sons to take ! We are at
 ‘ once to throw from our bosoms, every re-
 ‘ collection of our past friendship, of our
 ‘ infant years ! we are to cast them from
 ‘ our memory ! and act a more unnatural
 ‘ part, than the beasts of the forests !—for
 ‘ they are even susceptible of instinctive
 ‘ affection !’—

‘ The scenes of our childhood, my Lord,’
 (cried Eustace, in a voice tremulous from
 emotion), ‘ should have taught you to pro-
 ‘ tect the helpless orphans of your father’s
 ‘ brother ! Agnes should have had a claim
 ‘ at least upon you ! her innocence should
 ‘ have been your care ! her honour have
 ‘ found in you a champion.’

‘ Oh Eustace ! Eustace ! wound me not,
 ‘ by recalling the past ; *you* cannot depre-
 ‘ cate those guilty actions, more than I do !
 ‘ Too deeply has my mind already suffered
 ‘ with sorrow and remorse ! Passion,—
 ‘ diabolical

‘ diabolical passion, urged me on,—I was
 ‘ not master of my reason ; doth not that
 ‘ plead my excuse ?’

‘ No, my Lord. The man who loses
 ‘ sight of virtue and honour, under the
 ‘ dominion of his passions, is no way inferior
 ‘ to the brute creation. He is unworthy
 ‘ to walk with his head towards Heaven !
 ‘ He deserves not the upright dignity, which
 ‘ ennobles the name of man.’

‘ Alas ! I feel all you aver—but, Eu-
 ‘ stace, I am repentant.—I look back to
 ‘ the past with regret ; name the recom-
 ‘ pence I can offer—my hand is hers ! my
 ‘ Castle, my lands, my fortune, are thy own !
 ‘ —only link *thy* virtuous hand in mine.’

The heart of Eustace beat high within
 his breast,—he dared not trust himself to
 gaze upon his interesting cousin ! he dared
 not accept his offered hand—his own wrongs,
 but above all, the wrongs of his sister, were
 too deep ! After a struggle of some time, he
 replied,—

‘ No,

‘No, my Lord ; my hand with thine
 ‘ must never be conjoined, but it never
 ‘ shall be lifted against thee! while you
 ‘ remain in these sentiments, you have
 ‘ nought to fear from me, either in word or
 ‘ deed.’

They now bent their steps to the court:
 De Lucy, Sir Vortimer, and Edgar, met
 them, and entered with them.

When they arrived at the pavilion, every
 eye was turned upon them, every one sat in
 expectation of the combat ; but no signs
 of it appeared, and on Sir Philip’s inquiring
 of Fitz Alwy if he meant to engage,
 he replied, to the surprise of Ethelburga—

‘No, I am too ill to encounter the fatigue
 ‘ to-day.’

Eustace likewise waved the further combat ;
 he sat melancholy and oppressed ; while
 Fitz Alwy seemed to have regained all his
 spirits, though not his strength. Lord de
 Lucy, perceiving that no one arose, now

prepared to enter the lists ; but just as he was quitting the pavilion, the gallant Oscar, on his dark-hued chesnut, sprung before him. De Lucy approached Eustace, and whispering in his ear, they departed together.

‘ My dear Eustace,’ (he said), ‘ why do you not redress your wrongs upon you haughty villain ? why do I see *you* here inactive ? what has cooled the ardour of your temper ?’—

‘ Fitz Alwy’s sorrow and repentance,’ (he replied in a voice of touching woe): and he repeated the conversation that had passed between them. De Lucy listened with attention, but with doubt and dissatisfaction in his countenance, and when Eustace had ended, he replied,—

‘ I fear, my friend, the generosity of your nature hath made you the dupe of his designing tongue ; I must own, for my part, I will never give him credit for a single virtuous sentiment,—nor do I see
‘ that

‘ that you have any reason for doing so,—
 ‘ on the contrary, I should *now* more than
 ‘ ever dread his treachery.’

The Lord de Lucy seemed well pleased in Fitz Alwy’s heart,—for no sooner had they departed from the pavilion, than Fitz Alwy addressed Ethelburga with a sigh---

‘ Alas, Ethelburga ! I grieve to think on
 ‘ the unnatural hate Eustace has ever conceived for me ; unwilling to shed the
 ‘ blood of so near a relative, I urged to
 ‘ him the ferocity of our intention in vain :
 ‘ but when that would not restrain his intemperate choler, I urged my weakness
 ‘ and inability ; fain would I not repeat,
 ‘ that he became more eager than ever to
 ‘ engage me,—but I at length used an
 ‘ argument, which, for his own sake, I
 ‘ think will prevent him from being so
 ‘ anxious to spill my blood.—I was forced to
 ‘ declare, that if he *did* engage me, I would
 ‘ spare him no more.’

He

He said these last words in a low voice ; Ethelburga cast on him a look of piercing inquiry.

‘ And could Sir Eustace do this ? ’ — (she said).

Fitz Alwy feigned the utmost sorrow. ‘ I wonder not, dear Ethelburga, at your astonishment ; the graces of my cousin’s person promise a fairer heart ! but alas ! ’ (he said, seemingly unconscious that he did so), ‘ honourable and sincere yourself, you have little idea of the duplicity of mankind.’

Ethelburga replied not ; she was disappointed and unhappy, she looked on the vacant seat of Sir Eustace, which politeness alone prevented Fitz Aubrey from possessing, as he saw him returning. He felt pleased at the conduct of Fitz Alwy ; his mildness, his placid good-nature to Sir Eustace, and the haughty and reserved manner of the other, had led him to believe, that the account of Sebastian was but too true ; and
when

when he returned to Ethelburga, Fitz Aubrey regarded him with frowns.

Eustace addressed the Baroness in so sweet and melancholy a tone, that her tongue could not refuse him a reply, but it was short and cold ; he perceived her altered manner with regret, and could not help likewise feeling surprised at it : and cast on Fitz Alwy a look of piercing inquiry.

In the court, the gallant Oscar had engaged the elegant Guiscard of Mont Real : they evidently fought like men in earnest ; Oscar staggered with the first assault, but recovering his strength, plied the attack so gallantly, that he rolled the noble Guiscard's beautiful habit in the dust.

‘ Is Sir Oscar known to you, Lady ? ’—
(asked Eustace.)

‘ No,’ (replied Ethelburga), ‘ I know him not.’

‘ He is a most gallant youth ! ’ (he returned),

turned), ‘and one whose amiable qualities
 ‘are equal to his valour. His fortress is
 ‘in the vale of Clono, a beautiful and
 ‘romantic glen, abounding with the wild-
 ‘est deer; and so famous and renowned
 ‘a hunter is he, that he has justly gained
 ‘the appellation of the “Gallant Oscar,
 ‘“the Hunter of Clono’s Vale,”—but I see
 ‘he prepares to attack another rival; Sir
 ‘Felix de Lucy, I pronounce, has no chance
 ‘with him! Poor Oscar!--I fear Sir Edwin
 ‘Montague is at length doomed to put
 ‘thee out of suspense!’—

Ethelburga now remarked for the first time, that Rosalie vainly attempted to conceal a partiality for her elegant estquire; for it was painted in eloquent colours on her sweet countenance, — she was delighted, and forgot that Oscar was the friend of Eustace. She had long keenly regretted Edwin’s love for herself, and she hoped that the preference of so amiable and beautiful a creature as Rosalie; would
 not

not fail to attract his heart. But Edwin leaned pensively on the back of Rosalie's chair, he answered her artless converse with the softest tenderness, and Rosalie, from his manner, believed that his feelings were in unison with her own.

Bustace had truly prophesied ; Sir Felix, by Sir Oscar was subdued : and now Sir Norbert Mandeville encountered him ; they stood the first shock most admirably, but Oscar was again successful. Rosalie looked on ; she could not but admire the youthful Knight, his valour, his symmetry, his constant love for her, had won the kindness of her affectionate heart ; but it was reserved for Edwin alone, to touch her soul ! His beauty, the delicacy of his health, his melancholy, had on his first appearance settled at once her fate, and the sweetness of his disposition, and the delicacy and virtue of his sentiments, had riveted her chains :—while he, poor youth !

was

was so absorbed by Ethelburga, that he perceived not each love-fraught action of his Rosalie, or his generous nature would have shrunk from the encouragement of a passion, that he could not return: unconsciously he accepted her kind attentions with a warmth of gratitude, which she mistook for a more congenial sentiment; and he thus fed an infant flame, which gathering influence from her generous, ardent heart, threatened to undermine the peace of this poor girl.

Now, an unknown Knight appeared to encounter the youthful Oscar; his name was however proclaimed, as Sir Leonard de Beauchamp. His armour was light steel, inlaid with gold; he wore a purple cloak of silk, surrounded by a plain gold bordure, and a plume of purple feathers decorated his crest. His horse was grey, his trappings purple.

He bowed politely to Sir Oscar ere he
commenced

commenced the onset, and when he did assail him, fought in an honourable and knightly manner; he proved to be a nephew of the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick.

Amongst the crowd who had entered uninvited into the pavilion, was the gigantic Walter de Segrave; who, under the pretence of conversing with Fitz Alwy, had placed himself near to Rosalie, whom he regarded with a fixed and appalling attention. He now started from his attitude, and sallied to the ring to oppose the gallant Oscar, whom he beset with jealous fury. Rosalie detested the gloomy Walter; she now earnestly prayed for Sir Oscar's success, but she trembled for her hero, for De Segrave united courage and skill to a robust muscular form, and an immense height. He rode a horse, who in one bound would have o'erset both Sir Oscar and his charger. But young Oscar was aware of the advantages of his opponent; he

he displayed a skill and agility almost incredible, always contriving to avoid the furious assaults of Walter, whose violence by this means recoiled upon himself, and in the moment of his surprise, he plied him so nimbly as to discompose and enrage him ; so successfully did he manœuvre in this manner, that in a short time he contrived to whirl the lance from his hand.

After this victory, no one seemed inclined to oppose him, and he dismounted, and approached the pavilion to receive the reward due to his valour. The Lady Ermengarda had this day the distribution of the prizes ; he approached her, but refused the glittering lance.

‘ No, lady,’—(he said), ‘ be that the meed of the glory-seeking victor ; I bend *here*, for the only reward I value.’ (he kneeled to Rosalie), ‘ Oh Rosalie ! insensible maid ! from you, from you, I claim some small reward,—if you still refuse it
‘ to

‘to my love, at least let pity deign the
‘token to me.’

He gazed on her as if his heart would break; Rosalie trembled, and melted into tears.

‘Alas!’ (she said), ‘gallant Oscar, receive all I have left me to bestow!’ her manner was touching, she drew the glittering bracelet from her arm, and continued, ‘My friendship, my esteem, my
‘gratitude, everlastingly are thine, Oscar!’

He clasped the precious gift to his breast, and casting on her a look of deep despair, departed to conceal his bursting tears.

Ethelburga, tenderly affected by this scene, sat silent and attentive: Eustace turned, and regarded her in the most expressive manner.

‘Alas! poor Oscar,’ (he cried), ‘you
‘deserve a happier fate, if faithful tender
‘love can give thee any claim to it.’

Rosalie seemed scarce able to upport
herself;

herself ; Edwin had cast the most piteous regards to Ethelburga, but her whole heart was entirely occupied by Eustace, whose manner had expressed the delightful certainty, that she was the object of his heart.

The voice of Fitz Alwy awoke her from this pleasing trance ; he simply asked Ethelburga an explanation of the scene that had passed, in which Ethelburga was, however, unable to gratify him, save by replying—that it appeared, that Rosalie was beloved by Oscar, and that she returned not his passion.

‘ There is another brave knight, to whom I trust she will be more favourable.’—

Ethelburga shuddered, as he pointed to Walter de Segrave.

‘ I see,’ (he said), ‘ you are prejudiced against my friend—I grieve at this ; his person, although not beautiful, is manly and dignified, and his valour and bravery are unequalled.’

‘ But

‘ But of what avail is that, if his heart is
 ‘ unamiable ?’

‘ But why not his heart amiable ? my
 ‘ Ethelburga !’

Eustace cast a look of fierce contempt
 upon his cousin and said---

‘ Thrice dangerous is *that* man, who
 ‘ unites the power with the will of doing
 ‘ mischief ; divest the basilisk of his
 ‘ fascinating qualities, and he is harmless !
 ‘ It is his beauteous coat which gives the
 ‘ power to lure the guileless to destruction !
 ‘ Vice in its own deformity is harmless ;
 ‘ but when it assumes the garb of virtue,
 ‘ it is then that it is indeed destructive ;
 ‘ for it decoys a train of virtuous victims
 ‘ to its destroying jaws !’

Fitz Alwy seemed to feel the deep allu-
 sion intended in his words ; his eye faltered
 beneath the gaze of the enthusiastic youth,
 his tongue dared not to reply---while the
 sentiment of truth and reason, conveyed by
 Eustace

Eustace in his speech, sunk deep into the coverts of Ethelburga's heart, and charmed into admiration and surprise, Sir Philip's listening ear.

Chap. XI.

“ The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there.”

Ossian.

THE Prince of Wales now arose, and called upon Sir Morcar and Sir Stanley, to join him against the court, to break a lance in honour of the ladies.

Fitz Alwy, in the mean time, had been endeavouring to recover himself---he felt called upon to make some reply to the pointed allusion of Eustace.

‘ I do not see, how your remark applies
‘ to De Segrave ; no one yet ever accused
‘ him

‘ him of the fascinating powers of the basilisk.’

A slight smile of contempt passed over the face of Eustace, and he replied,—

‘ *I know De Segrave to be a villain!*’—and his expressive look seemed to say,—and so do *you*.

‘ Then I will not dispute with you, upon his merits.’—

And they dropped the subject. — Lord Hontercombe and Lord de Morthemer engaged Sir Morcar; Dún Rock and De Welle, Stanley; Mortimer and Guiscard de Mont Real, the Prince of Wales; who gained the victory, and received the prizes.

Fitz Alwy had appeared ill and languid the whole day: Sir Philip remarked it to him, and he complained of a universal weakness, and frequent inclination to faint, with an oppressive pain about his heart. Fitz Aubrey was alarmed; he gave him some advice, to which the Baron listened with

with attention. As the tournament closed, he arose and addressed the Baroness—

‘ I am too ill to remain here, my Ethelburga—farewell!—to-morrow I trust I shall approach you in better health.—Eustace! in my absence, to *your* care I commit my Ethelburga; in your hands I place her; be to her, what I should be, were I present.’

Then, unheeding the agitation of the parties he had addressed, with the most languid but the most graceful air in the world he bowed, and quitted them.—Eustace, whose countenance was pale as the inimitable statue of the god he resembled, leaned upon his sword; a sigh, nearly approaching to a groan, burst from his breast, and he regarded Ethelburga with a look of such bitter agony, that, unable to support her feelings, a faintness came over her, and she sunk for a moment upon the arm of Sir Philip; who, astonished and displeased at the scene that had passed, regarded Eustace

with sternness, and turning from him to the departed Fitz Alwy, exclaimed—

‘ Generous unsuspecting man !’

Eustace was electrified by this exclamation ; the colour rushed to his indignant countenance ; he cast on Sir Philip a look of reproach, and hung o’er the almost senseless Baroness till she recovered ; when leaning on the arm of Fitz Aubrey, she entered the Castle and departed to her chamber.

The Prince of Wales had received an express which obliged him to return to the south instantly, and he intended to go after the tournament had closed on the following day. He sent Sir Lewellen to Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, requesting a few minutes private conversation on business of the two countries, and Sir Philip immediately passed into his drawing-room. The apartments of Prince Arthur were situated on the east side of the drawing-room, in which Sir Philip was entered ; in a retired

retired jutting corner of the Castle, which was surrounded and embosomed in forest-trees, and dark antient pines. As he rested here, he saw a figure emerge from the trees, and again enter them, before he could distinguish him—but on his again appearing, he saw it was Sir Eustace; his arms were folded, his head reclined to the earth, and his countenance pale and disordered. Slowly he paced beneath the Castle walls—once he looked up, Sir Philip drew back; and being convinced that he was unobserved, he flung himself upon the turf, and covering his face with his scarf, wept aloud. — Agonies, unutterable agonies, seemed to rend his heart; and as he cast his beseeching eyes to heaven, there was so much imploring innocence and piety in his countenance, that Sir Philip's generous soul was moved. As he gazed on him steadfastly and uninterruptedly, his astonishing likeness to the Lady Editha became more than ever the subject of his wonder;

and as now divested of its stern and manly air, tenderness and grief seemed alone to move him, he looked the picture of the divine Madona. The mind of Sir Philip was disordered by a thousand surmises till now undreamed of; the likeness to his uncle was not surprising, but that he should resemble Editha, moved his utmost wonder. Murmurs now broke from his lips—and these indistinct words met Sir Philip's ear:—

‘Cruel Fitz Alwy! ungenerous man!
 ‘Is it *thus* you would make me amends for
 ‘the injuries you have done me? - - - Is it
 ‘*thus* you would deprive me of the pos-
 ‘sibility of being happy? Alas! you have
 ‘indeed prepared for me a task, which will
 ‘require the utmost energy of human na-
 ‘ture to fulfill - - - and for whom do I
 ‘prepare myself such sufferings? such
 ‘acute- - - -’

At this moment Prince Arthur entered;
 and Sir Philip, unwilling that the sorrows
 of

of Eustace should be observed, closed the window, and with a sigh prepared for business.

Ethelburga passed an hour of anguish, the first that had ever pained her youthful bosom—it was bitter indeed.

Now did her heart die within her breast, as she recalled her engagements—her solemn engagements to Fitz Alwy!—now did she shrink from the performance of her duty for the first time, and felt all the accumulated pangs of woe and self-reproach.—Fortunately, Augustine interrupted the agonizing course of her reflections; she saw her in tears, she thought they were for the ill health of Fitz Alwy. Ethelburga willingly suffered her to suppose so—for the first time she was guilty of deceit.

Oh love! how endless are the evils you heap upon your unfortunate votaries! how do you repay the sorrows of your victims?

As they departed to the banquet-hall, Augustine said with a sigh—

‘ Oh

‘ Oh Ethelburga ! would to God you were not bound to Mont Eagle ! I tremble for your happiness. ’—

The unhappy Baroness could scarce conceal her agitation as she entered the hall door, where Sir Eustace had placed himself this day, that she might not elude him : he was conversing with Sir Philip, and his countenance too plainly betrayed the anguish his mind had suffered ; but it was now calm and resigned. He approached Ethelburga with a languid smile ; he attended her to her seat, and placed himself beside her : Sir Philip, as before, was opposite.

As Ethelburga seated herself, Rosalie hastily approached and whispered—

‘ For heaven’s sake, make me a place by you ; my father will again put me with the Mont Reals. ’

And the poor girl, evidently agitated and alarmed, seated herself on the other side of Eustace ; while Ethelburga again refusing
the

the attendance of Edwin, he solicited Rosalie to permit him to be her champion for the night, and seated himself by her side. Long, however, she had not sat there, before the Baron, with Sir Guiscard Mont Real on his arm, approached—on seeing Rosalie, he frowned.

‘Rosalie, why are you not at the Countess’s table?’—‘Adela is there instead of me,’—timidly replied Rosalie.

‘Sir Guiscard, here is a seat by me,’ (said the good-natured Ethelburga, knowing Rosalie’s aversion to the Knight, and the purpose of the Baron’s bringing him there). Lord Guiscard was obliged to comply, to the great relief of Rosalie; and the Baron was departing with a frown, when Sir Vortimer seated by the side of Agnes, caught his eyes—anger again flashed from them——

‘Vortimer,’ (said he) ‘you must take my seat at the Countess of Mont Real’s table,
‘the

‘ the Earl of Windermere is already beside
‘ her.’

‘ Then Sir, there is no need of me,’——
(returned Sir Vortimer, with a dejected
air).

‘ Agnes will excuse you, Sir Vortimer,’
(replied the Baron, pale with rage) ‘ attend
‘ the Countess!’—

The beseeching look of Agnes, for tears
were in her eyes, obliged the unhappy
youth to rise from the side of her he adored,
to attend on one he abhorred, as the cause
of his sorrows. Rosalie and her brother
exchanged looks of commiseration on each
other as he departed from the table, and
she arose to go to the side of Agnes, when
Lord Malcolm of Inistore, her constant at-
tendant, took Sir Vortimer’s seat,—thus
adding another pang to the heart of the un-
happy maid.

Ethelburga had keenly felt this scene ;
Eustace’s breast heaved with contending
emotions, but he encouraged his sister by
his

his affectionate manner to rise superior to this display of grief. Eustace had lost his flow of spirits, he sat melancholy and spiritless ; his attentions to Ethelburga were so respectful, that her heart accused him of coldness : but could she have seen the tortures that racked his honourable soul—had she perceived the mournful expression of his beautiful eyes, as the stifled tear oft bedewed their long lashes, and returned to their coral cell—could she have heard the sighs struggling in his oppressed bosom—she would have hallowed his virtues, and revered his grief. To Sir Philip these emotions passed not unnoticed ; sorrow ever found in him a friend, and the sorrow of Eustace—so anxiously concealed, and supported with such dignity—drew him to his heart, in spite of all his prejudices.

Sir Guiscard's attentions were persecuting ; and more particularly so when she perceived the vanity of the noble had led

him to imagine, that by awakening the jealousy of Rosalie he should secure her heart. His manner was elegant, his person faultless; but his sentiments were vicious, and his conversation trivial. Yet such was the bourn the Baron looked to, as the highest station of happiness for his child.

Dunthalmo had in vain endeavoured to obtain a seat near to Ethelburga, and casting glances of fury upon Eustace, he was obliged to retire to another table.

As the evening proceeded, Eustace and Edwin, whose hearts seemed attuned in unison with each other, conversed in the most graceful manner; they appeared infinitely to admire each other, their language and sentiments were congenial, and listened to by Sir Philip with delight; while Ethelburga received every accent of the young hero deep in her heart, and Rosalie hung enamoured upon the recollection of Edwin's plaintive tones.

The minstrels now struck up in loud
symphony,

symphony, and the young Knights and Nobles chased the eve away with many a legendary song. Adela de Warrenne called upon Sir Eustace for her favourite tale, and Ethelburga demanded of Sir Edwin his "Donald:" but the youths, anxious to oblige their fair mistresses conjointly, and whose voices they had discovered were admirably accordant, joined in the following authentic and popular ballad. — The heroine, Matilda, was the great aunt of Lord de Lucy; Albert had been the Lord of Castle Lakemorne, and they had disappeared on their bridal night in the manner here related.

The relation they took in duo; the dialogue in solos. They were sweetly accompanied by the minstrels on their harps, and a more touching duet never was performed.

The Bridal Spectre.

SOLO, SIR EDWIN.

- How the thunder rolls loudly ! The heavens they lower,
- The wind it howls mournfully round our high tower ;
- How black, how tremendous, this sudden commotion,
- That heaves the vast bosom of yonder deep ocean !
- How the night-bird shrieks mournfully over the main,
- And yonder the waters break over the plain !
- My Albert, my Albert, oh that thou wert here !
- For the heart of thy mistress expires with fear.

DUO.

- Oh Lady, oh Lady ! her maiden she cry'd,
- What was that misty light, which I yonder descri'd ?
- 'Tis surely Sir Albert who crosses the moor,
- With his Squire so trusty, so true, by his side.

From her pale beauteous cheek, where the tear-drop had stood,
 Matilda wip'd quickly the river of woe ;
 And she hung in suspense o'er the high heaving flood,
 And she gaz'd on the waters that o'er the moor flow.

SOLO, SIR EDWIN.

' It cannot be Albert !' the frightened maid said,
 ' For the light which I see is so pale and so blue ;
 ' As the lights from the grave that e'er follow the dead,
 ' And their cold trackless footsteps for ever pursue.

 ' Yet hark ye, oh hark ye, the rattle of mail,
 ' And the clattering steed of Sir Albert I hear !
 ' My lover, dear lover, o'er dangers prevail,
 ' For my brave faithful Knight, my dear Albert, is here.

 ' Fly, fly ye, my maidens, proclaim to the guests,
 ' That our joys shall commence, for my bridegroom is come ;
 ' And tell Father Ambrose my earnest request,
 ' That the mass may be said, and the bells may be rung.'

DUO.

High beat the maid's heart, for the bugle's loud tone
 Proclaim'd that her lover the drawbridge had past ;
 But why sounds the bugle a dolorous moan,
 When mirth and rejoicing should fill the loud blast ?

 To the great hall she flew, nor heeded the gale,
 As tempestuous it raged round the form of her Knight,
 Nor heeded his cheek that so cold and so pale
 Look'd awfully ghastly amidst the blue light !

DUO.

The lips of her lover in sounds faint and low—
 In a voice that seem'd strange to her listening ear ;
 For the tone it was awful, its utterance slow,
 And it chill'd the fond heart of Matilda with fear.

SOLO, SIR EUSTACE.

' I come, sweetest maid,—lov'd Matilda, I'm here,
 ' To claim that lov'd hand, which so oft I implore ;
 ' Oh banish thy terrors, dismiss all thy fears ;
 ' For Matilda, dear maid, we shall never part more.'

DUO, SIR EDWIN.

' Why so chilly thy lip, my dear Albert ?—she cry'd ;
 But in sad mournful silence Matilda he prest :
 He murmur'd no word, but he heavily sigh'd,
 And strain'd his Matilda more close to his breast.

DUO.

She press'd his cold hand, and she gaz'd on his face ;
 She sigh'd on his lip, and she hung on his arm ;
 His form it was pallid, yet beauteous in grace,
 And his soul-moving features were pensive and calm.

She felt a soft pressure—she heard a soft sigh ;
 She gaz'd in dismay on his sunken dark eye :
 With strange mystic meaning they awfully gleam'd,
 Yet with fond awful tenderness on her they beam'd.

SOLO, SIR EUSTACE.

' Alas, dearest maid ! thy poor Albert must go ;
 ' But did ye not promise this hand should be mine ?
 ' And now will ye not the dear token bestow ?
 ' Hath thy once tender love felt the keen shaft of time ?
 ' Oh, weep not, Matilda !—then hasten to wed,
 ' Our journey soon over, our griefs will be o'er ;
 ' Then, then on thy Albert's calm, cold, silent bed
 ' Will we rest all our cares, we will never part more.'

DUO.

The guests they all now to the chapel repair,
 The good Father Ambrose he gaz'd in surprise ;
 He gaz'd on the bridegroom's sad, slow, mystic air,
 And the glare of the grave that beam'd dull in his eyes.
 The priest shudder'd oft as he read o'er his prayers ;
 The guests they stood gazing and dumb with dismay ;
 Matilda was sad, and her breast full of cares,
 ' Stead of soft bridal joys on this long-wish'd-for day.

The knot it was tied ; when loud shrieks from the tomb
 Assail'd them—instead of the gay bridal song ;
 And the blue light alone now illumina'd the gloom—
 For the tapers—the guests—and the friar were gone !—

Cold fear chill'd the maid, to her Albert she clung,
 He held her in tenderness close to his breast ;
 With horrible shrieks all the chapel now rung,
 And dreadful the terrors her bosom possess.

SOLO, SIR EUSTACE.

' Oh come, my Matilda, my time is nigh gone ;
 ' Come, come to the cold bed our Saints have prepar'd ;
 ' Ah ! would that ere this our sad fates had been one,
 ' And thy sorrows, Matilda, thy sorrows been spar'd !
 ' But fear not, dear mistress ; no dangers can harm,
 ' No worldly disasters have power to grieve ;
 ' How oft have ye told me you'd bless the dear charm
 ' That should cause thee no more thy poor Albert to leave !

SOLO, SIR EDWIN.

' Lead on, dearest Albert ; my passion is true,
 ' And tho' anxious terrors my bosom invade,
 ' I would suffer with rapture each danger with you,
 ' And follow thy footsteps—ah, e'en to the grave !'

DUO.

Now loud rattling noises were heard thro' the gloom,
 And the light them surrounded, unsteady and pale ;
 And her lov'd Albert's steed, without squire or groom,
 Enter'd, all in his glittering corselet of mail.

In his cold trembling arms he uplifted the maid,
 And he leap'd in his stirrup so firm and so true ;
 They fly o'er the moor, and they bound o'er the glade,
 By the light of the vapour so pale and so blue.

So wondrous the speed with which they now fled,
 That it fill'd the faint heart of Matilda with fear ;
 And she struggled in vain to o'erpower the dread,
 By the thoughts of her lover, so mild and so dear.

SOLO, SIR EDWIN.

- Oh whither, my Albert, oh where do you go ?
- And why is thy clasp'd hand so damp and so cold ?
- And why are thy cheeks thus the hue of the snow ?
- And why is thy steed so incautious and bold ?
- And why hast thou quitted our Castle so fair ?
- And flown from the pleasures I plann'd with delight ?
- And why do we now brave the cold chilly air ?
- And where do you still urge our comfortless flight ?

SOLO, SIR EUSTACE.

' Our journey is over, our wedding is nigh'—
 The pale lovely Albert return'd with a sigh—
 ' Dismount thee, my darling ; our dangers are o'er ;
 ' And we'll never, Matilda ! no never part more.'

DUO.

She shriek'd !—for her arms now encompass'd the youth—
 And his eye it was clos'd, and his accents were o'er,
 And his heart, the enthronement of fond love and truth,
 Beat, alas ! with fond love and endearment no more.'

A cold stream of blood issu'd from the wide wound,
 Which the hand of a rival in treach'ry bestow'd,
 And the cold purple current o'erspread the dark ground ;
 And some time had been gone ere it seem'd to have flow'd.

SOLO, SIR EDWIN.

' Dear fond youth,' cried Matilda, ' thy spectre I know,
 ' It came to conduct me to my bridal bed ;
 ' To thy poor lifeless ghost my sad hand I bestow,
 ' And I'll die on the spot where thy life-blood was shed.'

- ‘ Oh angels ! oh spirits ! my heart felt too true,
 ‘ It well knew the death-light, so pale and so blue ;
 ‘ But Albert ! dear Albert ! our sorrows are o’er,
 ‘ For we’ve met, love, in death—we shall never part more.’
-

The voice of Edwin was full of sensibility, and capable of the most melodious pathos ; that of Eustace, was powerful and harmonious. it touched the soul with rapturous astonishment. Ethelburga was so much interested, that her eloquent eye alone was capable of expressing her feelings—while Rosalie thought the superiority of Edwin Montague admitted of no comparison—‘ Such is the partiality of love, and so feeble its discrimination.’ These affectionate ladies retired to repose, and the sweet tones of their lovers’ voices proved a soft lullaby to their peaceful slumbers.

End of the Second Volume.

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